

LEND A HAND

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ALL establishments for orphans or other poor children are obliged to consider the complicated and difficult question of the occupations to which these children shall be trained. The question has all the difficulties which the question of prison labor has, and, besides these, has some of its own.

For, to a considerable extent, the choice of the handiwork to which the child is bred, regulates the grade of life in which he is afterwards to move. If we train a boy to be a shoemaker, so far as we are concerned we make him a shoemaker for his lifetime. If, on the other hand, we train him for a watchmaker, or for a locomotive engineer, we have given quite another turn to his life.

We have, unfortunately, inherited from Europe and the old charities, whether consciously or not, the idea that orphan children or other children in asylums are necessarily to occupy a certain humble position in life. The statement of the greater part of the old world would be, that "they do not deserve" as good an education as the sons or daughters of the highest classes. To this tradition, superstition or inheritance, we owe it that the children in our asylums are generally trained to the very lowest grades of handiwork or to domestic service.

It may be feared, indeed, that in the management of all "Institutions" there slips in a good deal of the laziness, which, according to Mr. Emerson, is latent in all human nature. It must be confessed that it is much easier to take every child of Adam as he comes, and make him, as a matter of course, a little shoemaker or a little tailor, than it would be to examine carefully the tastes and faculties of each child, so that he may do his duty in that state of life for which a good God has endowed him.

But a very little thought will show that the simpler callings of human life are exactly those which will take care of themselves in social order, so that we need not use the machinery of large and liberally endowed institutions to provide for them. Thus, as shoes are now made, largely with the assistance of machinery, a very few months of training will make a boy or a girl into a good shoemaker. An accomplished teacher of cooking assures us that in eighty lessons of one hour each, a girl of fourteen can be initiated into all the essential mysteries of the kitchen. It is evident that occupations which require so little preparation, will always be crowded, on the whole, though, in special localities, there may be lack of workmen for a time. On the other hand, any calling which requires years of preparation will, on the whole, command higher wages, and offer "more room" for new-comers.

Now, suppose we satisfy ourselves with training our orphan children to these simplest walks of labor. What happens when they leave our institution but that they

find themselves in competition with the largest class of working people, but in the class which receives the lowest wages?

We have had these children under our care for ten years. We certainly leave them better than we found them. But could we not have left them a great deal better?

Carefully study the charge of orphan asylums and other similar institutions, and it will appear that nine-tenths of that charge is the charge for the food of the children and their clothing. Now this element must be the same, whether we give to them the most careful education which the most fond parent can give to his children, or whether we leave them just a grade higher than hewers of wood and drawers of water. Ought we not, then, to look further, both to the interests of the children and the interests of the community, and inquire what future calling will be most remunerative to them and in what they will do best service to the world? What is it, which, on the whole, the community stands most in need of? If we will fairly ask such questions, we shall be compelled to answer, that we are to consult the tastes and talents of the children, and give to each of them the best education in our power. It has been proved, indeed, by figures, that an orphan asylum which would train its boys to be scholars, machinists, surveyors, engravers, or printers, if it could keep them in its service until they were twenty-one years of age, would make money by its liberality.

That is to say, it has been calculated that the money wages of such young people, from the time they are sixteen to twenty-one years of age, would re-imburse those who had the care of them for the costly charge of education.

We have no wish to found an argument on considerations so carnal. The benefit of training as careful as we propose, is much more than a gain of dollars and cents. Let the pupils of the institutions have it and let the public have it. But the fact that such a calculation can be made, shows that so far as the community is concerned, all parties would be benefited most, by the highest possible standard given to the training in our institutions for children.

It will sometimes be in the power of the directors of such an institution to introduce an industry wholly new in that neighborhood. For this they have some special advantages. They are not under the direction of the public school system, which of necessity compels us to work on a child on an average plan, as if we were turning out shoe-lasts in a factory. The success of the Rauhe-Haus, near Hamburg, was due to the introduction of first-class printing and first-class book-binding. The result, of course, is not simply the advantage to the treasury of the institution. The more important result is that to the country. The printers and book-binders trained in such an institution may be better trained than in the ordinary apprenticeship, where the object of a selfish master is simply to get the most possible out of his boys. Every one knows this who has seen the work of the best technical schools. It may happen that a machine-shop will keep a boy at work for a year in punching rivet-holes, a process which he learns completely in three or four days. He will be subject to no such useless drudgery, in a properly adjusted school.

If a boy have a real taste for mechanism and machinery, a well-equipped school will make a good machinist of him by the time he is nineteen years old. The wages he will then begin to earn will be twice what they would be, had you made him a shoe-maker, or a tailor.

There is a constant complaint that one or another branch of industry is crowded. This complaint seldom means anything. But when it does mean anything, it means

that in the particular spot where it is uttered, there are more people in that line than can be employed to advantage.

But this is only the same thing which is observed, when we find that there is a cord of wood cut in the Adirondacks which nobody wants to burn, while in every crowded city, people would be glad to give ten dollars for it.

Now, all branches of duty which are least apt to be crowded are those for which a most careful preparation is needed. As Mr. Webster said, "There is always room enough higher up."

Jenny Lind had not many competitors. George Stephenson always had occupation enough, and all his services were in demand. Mr. Brassey was never troubled by hard times. And, in general, just in proportion as we give to those who are entrusted to us an education of the higher grades, in that proportion do we relieve them from the anxieties which belong to crowded industries. We relieve them, at the same time, from the discontent of following for years, and perhaps for life, in an avocation which is distasteful to them.

As we write these lines, it is with the recollection of a lad in an asylum, handicapped for the rest of life by the complete loss of the sense of hearing. When he left the institution where he was trained, at about the age of sixteen, he had been taught the use of tools, and initiated into the art and mystery of cabinet-making. But he said frankly to his friends that he should never succeed in that calling, because he did not like it. He had the gifts of an artist; he was, indeed, an artist by nature, and his advisers had the courage and the faith to place him as an apprentice with one of our best engravers. What follows is, that at the end of ten years, he is happy in his calling and not unhappy, for he is one of that remarkable group of men who have done so much to place the wood-engraving of America in the very fore-front of the best work in the world.

The country has gained an artist of the first rank, it has lost a cabinet-maker of the lowest rank. This last loss is one which is easily supplied.

It is from such experience, and from the principles which lie beneath such considerations, that we are led to beg the managers of all schools and asylums which have the constant charge of children, to study with care into the dispositions of those children, and to be not afraid to carry to the highest point the education which is given to them.

In brief, a boy who is willing to work, should be encouraged where we best can encourage him to work in the line of his genius, if we have the wit to find out what that is.

The mere mechanical convenience of institutions is not to be considered, in comparison with the advantage gained by the pupils and the advantage gained by the community whenever we have succeeded in putting the right peg in the right hole.

The progress of civilization consists in our steadily substituting well-trained workmen, using their knowledge in the subduing of the world, in the place of the mere drudges or laborers of the world. There is toil necessary, but toil or labor is more and more to be done in the future, by the steam-engines and other slaves which we harness to our will.

Our business is, so far as we can, to change the untrained laborer into the skilled workman.

"He shall cease from his labors, and his works shall follow him."

WALKS IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

IV.—Primary Schools: Reading and Writing.

It was on a bleak February day, that I gladly escaped from the windy streets to enter the large door of one of our Primary Schools, in a spacious building newly erected. You ring before going into a public school just as if you were making a private afternoon call, and a small boy or girl lifts open the heavy door. A balmy air cheered me as I entered the wide hall, and made my way to the open door far at the other end. Here I came into a large, sunny room, light with high windows, gay with growing plants in pots on the window-sills, and fresh-looking rows of boys and girls, about sixty of them. It might have been forgiven on such a day, if the air had been close from windows shut to keep out the chilly drafts, but there was no such trouble here. I felt as if I were coming into a cheering, pure atmosphere, with much of out-doors in it.

Here were the children of the first year in the Primary School. The subject of this paper is "Reading and Writing in the Primary Schools," and I must hasten to say that I heard a small boy of five, who had been in school only since September, and not of the most advanced in his class, read a sentence like this: "The boy can run." Not only did he read it, but he wrote it and many other sentences upon his slate, a handwriting, perhaps clearer than that in which I write this. In six months these children had learned to read and write small sentences, and, more than this, to read them as though they not only understood, but were interested in what they were reading.

The teacher gives them to read a sentence, or a story as she calls it, which they have not seen before, she gives them a little time to look at it, and then it comes out, with a smile of interest on the child's face, as she looks at the picture: "Lucy has come out to feed the hens: she calls, 'Chick, chick!'"

The child has made a fresh discovery, telling a story to herself, and all this has been made without the painful efforts of going through the alphabet.

How has all this been so quickly done? I could not but ask, and I was shown some of the steps in the method.

To begin with, the teacher has a collection of objects or models of objects, which are kept out of sight of the children, and brought to their notice one at a time, when needed for a lesson. Or sketches are made upon the blackboard, or pictures are used as objects.

In first presenting one of these objects, the teacher has a little talk about it. She asks the children its name, and accustoms them to tell its uses as well as its name. This is the introduction to the

"*First Lesson*.—When the exercises in talking have overcome timidity, and prepared the little ones for reading, the first step may be taken. In a short lesson, during a talk about an object, a fan, for instance, it may be held up, and at the same time 'a fan' may be written upon the blackboard.

"The fan is put down and the teacher asks, 'Who can bring me——?' (pointing to the written word). She repeats the writing and the question several times.

"For the *Second Lesson*, the teacher is

directed to show the same object and write the same word as in the first lesson. Show a new object and write its name. Write both words and say, 'Please bring me —,' pointing to one word; then repeat the request, pointing to the other word.

Third Lesson.—Write the two words, and ask a pupil to bring both objects. Request a pupil to take the objects—one in each hand—and to hold up the object whose name the teacher writes rapidly on the blackboard.

Fourth Lesson.—Write the two words, and direct pupils to repeat the words as the teacher writes.

The teacher says, 'Where is the fan?'

Pupil.—'The fan is in the box.'

Teacher.—'Find the word *fan*.'

Introduce one new word, as before.

Fifth Lesson.—Write the words that have already been presented; show the objects, one by one, and direct pupils to point out the words. Then point to the words, and ask pupils to show the objects. Write the words and direct pupils to pronounce them. Introduce a new word.

The Sentence.—After ten or fifteen words have been learned, and a keen interest awakened in learning new words, the sentence may be introduced."

In another class, where the children had just entered the school, coming in at the February term, I saw this initial process going on, where the lesson was given on a large chart, in the middle of which was the picture of a man. Around the picture were little statements, such as, "A man;" "It is;" "It is a man;" "It is the man;" "This is;" "That is;" "This is a man;" "That is a man." I write from memory and do not give all the varieties in the use of half a dozen more words that could be connected with the object of interest in the middle,—the man. In front of the chart gathered a crowd of the new children, eager to make the sounds which the teacher connected

with the short word, pronouncing it slowly, *m—a-n*. Then there was a similar eagerness in finding up this same word wherever it occurred on the chart, and before half an hour had passed, I am quite sure that every child of that class had learned how to recognize all the little words that helped to tell something about the man.

A second picture was unfolded on another chart, representing a boy with his father's hat and boots on. Many of the words that appeared on the other chart turned up here, and were directly recognized. To this were added the words, "I am," which were introduced to the children to their great amusement, when they found the words "*I am a man*," under the picture of a small boy. "He says he is a man, does that make him one?" asked the teacher. A great shout of delight accompanied the "No!" that was given unanimously.

Great care is taken not to advance too fast in this. The new words are well braided into the old. "It is," "that is," "there is," come up to usher in the fresh words, and there is fresh delight at each new acquisition. Take the sentences:

This is a fan.	This is a man.
This is a hat.	This is a mat.
This is a rat.	This is a bag.
This is a flag.	This is a cap.
This is a trap.	

Bring in the new word "the," and fresh stories appear to the delighted child.

This is the fan.	This is the man.
This is the hat.	This is the mat.
This is the rat.	This is the bag.
This is the flag.	This is the cap.
This is the trap.	

Then the words are turned into other new sentences. "That is a fan;" "Where is the cap?" "That is my fan;" "What is that?" "Here is a cap;" "There is a cap;" "That is my cap."

The paper prepared by the Board of Supervisors, explaining the method to be pursued in teaching reading in the Primary Schools, makes clear statements with regard to these first efforts:

"(1.) There are forty-five elementary sounds, and every spoken word is made up of one or more of these sounds. Pronouncing words with perceptible pauses between the sounds is called 'spelling by sound,' or 'pronouncing slowly.' The latter term is preferable, as describing more accurately the true nature of the act.

"Experience has shown that children very readily catch this slow pronunciation, provided the teacher uses perfectly natural tones; as, for example, when she quietly tells them to touch the d-ê-s-k (making the sounds), or to s-t-â-n-d ū-p, etc. The children may very easily be led to pronounce words in the same way. Thus they are brought to a conscious breaking up of the spoken word into its elementary sounds.

"(2.) The separate letters are learned by copying written words and by direct practice on single letters.

"(3.) *Association of Sounds with Letters.*—When several written words have been taught, the teacher may begin to articulate the sounds of a word as she writes the corresponding letters on the board. At first nothing should be said about it to the children; they should simply hear the sounds and see the writing. After this process has been followed for some time the children will, of their own accord, begin to pronounce slowly as the teacher writes."

"The child should first become accustomed to *hear* the separate sounds and to *utter* them; and the exercises for this purpose may begin the first day, and be carried on side by side with the conversational exercises described above.

"1. When a few exercises in the repetition of sentences have been given, the teacher may, without changing her tone or voice, pronounce slowly (spell by sound) one of the words in a given sentence.

"For instance, the teacher, pointing at the clock says, 'There is a c-l-o-ck.' The pupils will repeat the sentence as

before, without hesitation. This exercise should be given many times.

"2. The teacher says, 'You may touch what I name: N-ô-se, m-ou-th, f-â-ce, d-ê-s-k.' and the pupils will perform the acts without hesitation *if the teacher does not change her tone.*

"3. Pronounce single words slowly, and ask pupils to tell what you say.

"4. Pronounce whole sentences slowly, and ask the pupils to repeat them in the ordinary way.

"Direct pupils to 's-t-â-n-d ū-p, s-i-t d-ow-n,' etc.

"5. Pronounce single words slowly and let pupils imitate. [One sound may be given at a time, the pupils repeating, —as 'm'—*m*,' 'ou'—*ou*,' 'th'—*th*.']"

A chart of sounds is in time placed upon the blackboard, at first in script, and later, when the children begin to read print, in both script and print. Teachers vary in their times of introducing the script and print, sometimes bringing in the latter earlier.

"For the first few weeks the pupil should utter the sounds only after the teacher. Let her point to the script character, while the class repeat the sound after her with distinct and natural enunciation.

"When the association between the characters and the sounds is secured let the children utter the sounds alone, and the teacher attend carefully to the distinctness with which they are given. When any child is observed giving them indistinctly or incorrectly, he should be specially drilled, and shown the proper position of the vocal organs necessary for the correct utterance of the sound.

"When the sounds are well given by the children alone, let the teacher point to the elements of simple words, as to *m—a—n*. Let the children utter them several times, with shorter and shorter intervals between the sounds, till they recognize that they are uttering a word. This should now become a frequent exercise, and may in-

clude all the *regularly* formed words with which the children are familiar.

"Sometimes the teacher may call upon individual members of her class to point out words from the chart in the same way, sounding the letters as she does so.

"Alternating with the foregoing exercises on the chart may be introduced others, by changing single letters in words so as to make new words. For example, write *can* upon the board. Erase *c* and write *m*. Erase *a* and write *e*. Erase *n* and write *l*, etc. Let the teacher treat all the regularly formed words which the class learn in the same way.

"When children have firmly associated the elementary sounds with the letters that stand for them, they may begin to make out new words by slow pronunciation."

This exercise is exceedingly interesting. The child goes to the blackboard with a wand and creates its words from the chart, pointing to the vowels, diphthongs, consonants arranged in columns, ready to make up a word.

"In the second and third years of the Primary Course the class should be exercised, not only in sounding all new words, and in variations upon them, as recommended above, but should be frequently drilled in exercises for distinct enunciation of every-day words, such as are prefixed to their reading lessons. The teacher should also make note of all words indistinctly or incorrectly uttered, and bring them up repeatedly for class drill.

"Two kinds of reading exercises, at least, should be given to the pupils: (1.) Exercises in which every new word is carefully taught upon the blackboard before the lesson in the book is read. (2.) Tests in which pupils try to read new selections without preparation. These tests should be frequently given—once a week at least."

"The same general rules that are given for blackboard work should be observed in teaching reading in books:—

"(1.) Do not let the child read a sentence aloud until he knows its words and its meaning. If the sentence is long, he should be allowed to express the thought by phrases or clauses.

"(2.) As a rule, do not let the pupils in a class know who will be called upon to read next.

"(3.) Do not give the thought to the pupils orally, but let them get it for themselves. Do not require them to read the same lesson over and over again, lest they lose their interest in it.

"(4.) Ask the pupils to close their books and to tell, in their own words, what they have read.

"In the second year, when composition has been well begun, require pupils to write one thing they remember of what they have read, then two things, three things, and, finally, let them write the whole story as they remember it.

"Ask them to read, orally, the sentences, descriptions, and stories that they write."

There are 456 words which make up the vocabulary given in the "List of Words for Beginners in Reading," found in the new "Franklin Primer," "Munroe's Chart," and the early pages of the "First Book of Supplementary Reading." These form the stock out of which the child learns gradually to form other words, as they contain all the vowel and consonant sounds.

My description doubtless appears chaotic to those who are already familiar with the system, but I give it as showing how the system has impressed me in my visits to the schools. The School Document No. 1, published in 1883, from which I have just quoted, gives an admirable presentation of the method, which should be read through by any already ignorant person who wishes to inform himself, and it shows the care with which every difficult point is met.

"To read and to write" was the first requisition for instruction in our Public

Schools, and for me, when I saw children of five, already reading and writing in their first year in the Primary School, I wondered what would be left for the remaining school years! But we see that the rest of their term is spent upon thorough drill in what they have already done, and in careful study of the meaning of what they are reading and writing.

Another question comes up. It will be remembered that the Statute law provides that common schools "must instruct in orthography, reading, writing, etc." Orthography comes first. Now the objectors to the present plan are very much disturbed that the spelling-book is given up. Yes, the spelling-book is absolutely given up—not a trace of it allowed, even in columns at the end of reading lessons in the primers. But in consequence is the art of spelling given up? The long columns of words of four or five syllables would indeed now stagger the pupils of the present method. But are these absolute tests of the capability to spell? They form—or did form—an admirable entertainment in spelling-bees, but were you absolutely sure that the prize competitor would write all his notes and letters without a single mistake? I remember finding the word "synecdoche" in the list of words that a class of boys was struggling with in a South Boston school. Probably not one of those boys would ever pass to the study of Latin or Greek. If he did, he would find some clue to the spelling of it, along with the other foreign words he must then make acquaintance with. On presenting this suggestion, I was told that a School Committee member would very likely select that word as a test, and it would not be safe to leave it out of the list.

Our School Committee is wiser now, and leaves out the whole spelling-book—the beloved spelling-book! But is it really beloved? The children surely never liked it. After they had grown up, and looked back upon the arduous labors of

their youth, they respected the spelling-book as a testimony to the fact that they did labor arduously, and the most proficient of them were glad to display their proficiency in spelling-bees, or as teachers afterwards. Did the teachers love it? These proficient teachers perhaps did, and it certainly formed a convenient basis of instruction. The teacher now, is obliged to depend more upon her own inspiration. Yet we must say that the new method is constantly furnishing fresh helps to the teacher, who may, at first, have found it difficult, and she is all the time finding her reward, in a bright, interested, and attentive class in front of her, instead of the more languid and indifferent row of children who used to be struggling with the spelling-book.

Certainly, these children who are compelled to write and understand every word they read, must needs come out good spellers, better than with the use of the spelling-book. The teacher sees directly every mistake. The study of long lists of words, which had no connection with the life of the child, could not accomplish,—as the valuable report of the Supervisors upon the discontinuance of the spelling-book shows,—"the purpose for which spelling is taught, that is, the development of the power to write language correctly." But the habit of learning to use words, always spelling them correctly, is certainly more advantageous than any drill on lists, even of the same words. As the report before quoted of the Supervisors states:

"If this habit of much writing can be kept up with these pupils now so well started, throughout their Grammar-School course, the need of a spelling-book for them will not be felt at all. They will gradually and surely form a strong habit of correct writing by dint of constant practice in that very thing. Under right training, and without the use of spelling-books, it is believed that these pupils may be brought more surely to an accurate use

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of their whole vocabulary than would be the case with the use of spelling-books."

To show how carefully this question is studied by the Supervisors, and how earnestly every possible difficulty is met by them, I will close with an extract from the "Suggestions to the Teachers, Accompanying the Course of Study."

[SCHOOL DOCUMENT No. 17, 1878.]

"In the outline course of study, spelling is associated with reading, but it belongs quite as properly with language-lessons, writing, and other branches. The practical use of correct spelling is found only when thoughts are expressed in writing. Exercises in spelling should therefore be as far as possible written. The aim all along should be for the pupil to be able to spell the words of his own vocabulary. He should have constant practice in familiar words, and also in the new words met in any of his lessons. It is too much, of course, to expect him to remember the correct spelling of *all* the words of his constantly increasing vocabulary; but he may, at least, be spared useless drill upon words which he cannot use and of whose meaning he is ignorant. It is desirable to train children to spell correctly common words; but they should not be expected to spell unusual and difficult words.

"As early as possible, passages from the reading-les-

sons should be copied, and sentences should be written daily from dictation. The sentences which the pupils make in their oral exercises or in their language-lessons will thus give material for a spelling-lesson. When the pupils are far enough advanced, they may write out the substance of any of their daily lessons in geography, history, physiology, etc., or copy good passages of prose and poetry. It is manifest that words spelled thus in vital connection with each other and with their meaning will be better remembered than when they are written in lists as isolated, dead fragments.

"Care should be taken that the pupils copy correctly. The imitative faculty being strong in children, they would, no doubt, make fewer mistakes if they were never to see or hear words misspelled.

"Through the whole course of study, beginning with the earliest attempts, pupils should be held responsible for good spelling in all the written exercises connected with the various branches.

"Varied and interesting methods to secure good spelling, and at the same time to lead pupils to a good choice of words in speech and writing, will occur to teachers. Among these may be mentioned the use of synonyms; of words of similar meaning that cannot be substituted one for another; of the different modes of forming derivatives from root-words, etc. Pupils in the upper classes may be led to perceive the few fundamental rules of orthography and pronunciation which belong to our language."

A TWICE-WON VICTORY.

BY MISS L. L. ROBINSON.

[Our readers in the Northern and Eastern States hardly understand, by personal experience, the experiences of communities in the South and West, more separated from each other than our villages, and largely moved, in the currents of their public opinion, by the fortunes of a day of debate. Such readers will be instructed as well as interested by the story we publish here, sent us from Kentucky.—*Eds.*]

It was from one of our large cities, some years since, that an enterprising merchant moved with his family to one of the most beautiful rural districts of our

country. Nature had seemed to linger with loving and lavish hand about the spot, rearing high the green hills that sheltered greener valleys, and gladdening all with a stream of crystal water fed by dripping springs from the hillsides or subterranean rivulets never failing. And here, upon this stream, apart from the outer world, a little manufacturing town had found existence, and the busy whirl of machinery mingled all day with the singing water, as though conscious of the close connection between them.

Untampered by knowledge of the vices and giant evils of city life, it would

seem that this village of simple, unlearned people might have enjoyed a peaceful, almost Arcadian happiness of innocence and virtue, man having as yet encroached so little upon Nature. And so, in truth, it might have been, had not that greatest of all evils, that which seems well-nigh the ubiquitous and omnipotent spirit of Evil incarnate, found its way here. Intemperance in its most degraded form, leading in its train profanity, idleness and utter godlessness, seemed to hold the little community in an always tightening grasp, till the very name of the town, for miles around, was only a synonym for wickedness.

And it was thus that the new-comers with surprise and regret found it, and learned the truth that in our large, well-regulated cities, where vigilant police arrangement protects the thoroughfares from sights and sounds of vice, far less of immorality is seen or heard than in the village or town where it stalks abroad undisguised and unmolested. During the six working days, it is true, comparative order and sobriety prevailed, but every Saturday night, if not others during the week, each recurring Sunday, and every national or Christian holiday brought its bacchanal scenes, sullied the pure air with shouts and oaths, made brutes of men, and brought to many a hearth-stone disgrace and sorrow.

For several years he who had come a stranger to the little town watched with thoughtful regret the increase of this consuming evil, striving vainly to stay its course, but more and more did he see that so long as the grog-shop and saloon stood with open doors, enticing beyond resistance even those who would have refrained, there was almost nothing to be hoped from expostulation or teaching. Therefore he determined, at whatever cost of time or labor, at whatever risk of popularity and good-will, he would with God's help strike at the very root of the evil, and expel it from the community.

Raising the banner of temperance under the Local Option law, a few of the better spirits of the district rallied around him; but simultaneously was uplifted loud and general, the cry of denunciation, and the banner of opposition.

"It is a worse than useless task," said more than one even of those not openly addicted to drinking. "It can but result in failure that will only aggravate the evil."

"You will only lose all popularity and the influence you now possess," said others in kindly warning, "and possibly endanger the safety both of person and property, through the desperate characters that will shrink from nothing to evince their contempt and insure the overthrow of your efforts."

But, unmoved by the well-meant admonitions, and strengthened by the conviction that it is better to make a noble effort and fail than to stand idle with unlifted hand, he who had undertaken the work set himself all the more earnestly about it, trusting that the ever-abiding spirit of good would bless and aid his purpose.

No amount of effort, no expedient was spared that could further, however slightly, the good work. Evening after evening, at the close of work hours, all who could possibly be induced to come were gathered 'neath the village schoolhouse, in the churches of the district, or out in the open air, to hear and to discuss the earnest arguments brought forward in behalf of temperance. And as though aroused and "enthused" by the leader in the work, men who had frowned down the effort, or who had weakly refrained from taking any part in its support, awoke, little by little, to the immensity of the good or evil involved, and threw themselves earnestly and energetically into the contest.

Just as assiduously, though more under the cover of darkness, was the opposing party at work. Ashamed to utter in public assemblies their arguments, full of the Devil's own subtleties, they gathered their audience of besotted men and ignorant

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boys in more obscure places. Strange to say, there were not wanting among them men of more than average intelligence when unclouded by drink, who argued of the "rights of man" and the tyranny of a law that would deprive free citizens of legal privileges. They clamored for the liberty to lay for themselves and others the cruellest snares, and forge the cruellest fetters that ever yet endangered the soul and mind of man. In these, perhaps, were found the enemies most to be feared by the workers for good, the enemies who effected the most harm, clothing their arguments in a thin garb of plausibility, more insinuating far than the unreasoning cry for drink, the only logic of the less intelligent toper.

And thus the conflict advanced, hard words and bitter invectives often assailing the advocates of temperance, with occasional threats of violence, till the day dawned that was to test the result of the labor expended; and as the August sun arose, it looked down upon determined men gathering their forces on either side, and upon the prayerful hearts of women, longing yet fearing to know what the record of that day would be when the sun should go down at evening.

At an early hour the polls were crowded, and with a cask of liquor as their standard and rallying centre, to which were lured the weak and strong of their party, the opposition exerted its persuasive influence, exciting its adherents to strenuous efforts; while with quiet earnestness, but unrelaxing persistence, the temperance men stood at their post, losing sight of no opportunity, no available chance for word or influence throughout the long, hot day; and when the evening came and the polls were closed, from their quiet ranks arose the loud glad shout, of victory!

Yes, almost to their own surprise, and surely to the scarce believing amazement of their foes, the "workmen together with God" found the day their own, and as

they bore far and near the good tidings, the defeated party, enraged and discomfited, dispersed only to re-assemble in the neighboring saloons to vent their indignation over the "wrong" inflicted. How close had been the contest, the small majority testified, but, small or great, that for which earnest and true hearts had prayerfully striven was accomplished, and from many a home, suffering under the sway of hitherto hopeless misery, went up that night a glad thanksgiving.

And one by one now, as the licenses expired, were the saloons closed. Many, it is true, in the spirit of malice, established themselves just outside the prescribed limits, but throughout the community was noticeable everywhere the increasing sobriety and industry of its inhabitants. Many a man now experienced the truth of the argument, that the temptation to drink, in the majority of cases, exists only in the proximity of liquor and the seductive influences of the hilarious bar-room. Many a downward course was suddenly checked by the absence of such temptation, and never was a general good so openly and undeniably manifested than that which now gradually spread over the peaceful district.

Yet, notwithstanding this most potent and unanswerable of all arguments, those who had so strenuously opposed it, were determined not to yield the battle ground without another effort to regain their hold; and to the regret of many, and the anxious fears of some of the friends of temperance, at the end of two years it was made known that the question was again to be brought before the people at the August election; and with this announcement, came the discovery that the partisans on the other side had been secretly gathering their forces and laying their plans for a desperate, determined conflict. In the former contest they had underrated the possibility of defeat, incredulous that the indulgence so long cherished in the community could be ex-

pelled, if submitted to a fair vote ; but convinced now of the need for exertion, they put forth every energy, and vowed by fair means or foul to recover their lost rights.

But again there arose to confront them the same determined spirit who had before rallied the advocates of peace and morality around him, and for the second time he aroused within himself and others the resolve to meet unflinchingly this effort to re-establish the reign of evil in their midst. And now with the warfare once more vigorously opened, there was raised by the liquor party, the constant cry of the undue advantage exercised by education and powers of oratory against the poor and illiterate. Blind to the fact that they were thus attesting the ignorance and weakness of their adherents, they loudly complained of the disadvantage under which they labored through the inability forcibly or eloquently to present their arguments, and from their meagre purses they collected a sum with which to employ an able advocate.

But for a time their efforts seemed fruitless ; in every direction a lawyer likely to inspire respect and attention was sought, but in vain. Young men just beginning their career, and to whom fifty dollars could have been no mean inducement, refused, to their credit be it said, to stand before a crowd and with specious arguments endeavor to persuade men to seek temporal and eternal ruin by restoring in their midst the evil once banished.

One after another of the surrounding towns was thus sought without success, till at last, from one of the larger cities, a man was found willing and ready to espouse the noble cause for the tempting reward proffered, a man neither inexperienced, poor, nor obscure, but one whom nature and fortune had alike blessed with mental advantages ; he it was who had no scruples in accepting the call, and on the occasion of a large rural gathering to appear among an unknown people as the able representative of intemperance.

He came, and under the spreading trees, rich with their summer foliage, his eye free to wander over the land blessed by God's bountiful hand, among the simple folk, so much poorer than he in worldly gifts, yet who might know the truest happiness and prosperity if conforming to God's laws for human good, among such a people the stranger stood, and eloquently counselled them to contend for their rights of self-destruction, to assert the right to keep in their village the baneful influence irresistible to many a struggling soul, and the lurking snare, a pitfall to many an unsuspecting one.

"Open your grog-shops and your saloons where you will," was his argument, "and if your brothers or your sons are so weak as to be made rioters or disturbers of the peace, then let them be punished by the law."

"With your own hands," he unconsciously counselled, "dig the pit in the very pathway of your inexperienced boys, and if they fall therein, as fall so many will, then let them be dragged off to jail or the drunkard's grave, bearing the broken hearts of wives and mothers, so long as your manly rights, your God-given liberties be not infringed upon !"

Such were the arguments taught or implied, and with the satisfactory consciousness of having at least earned his money, gracefully the speaker stepped aside to listen with easy mind to the reply of his opponent. And the answer came. Advancing quietly from his place in the audience came the man who made no boast of gifted or tutored oratory, who had made no study of man's complex law or logic, but who, having cast in his lot among this people, had labored earnestly for their highest good, and his heart burned with irrepressible indignation, and with a righteous scorn for one who could thus sow broadcast among them the winged seeds of evil and degradation.

It was with neither fear nor hesitation that he arose to answer such arguments

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as those just uttered, and truly it was as though the spirit of inspiration breathed within him the words that thrilled the silent throng; with his gaze fixed upon the recent speaker, scathing and unsparing fell the fearless words, till the eyes looking back into his, fell beneath them. Could it be he who had but a few moments before descended that platform in easy self-satisfaction, who was now being held up before the assembled crowd in an attitude so despicable, so petty, so wanting in all that was noble, generous or humane, so heartless, so lost to all aspirations for good to his fellow man, or to God's high purpose for the welfare of human souls? Surely the picture was not his, and yet the features could not be denied; it was only himself revealed under a different light, measured by a standard of responsibility to his brother and his Maker, different from that ever contemplated before. Is it strange that the air grew dense and suffocating around him, the gaze of that cloudless sky intolerable?

The speaker's eye wandered for a moment over the listening assembly, but it turned again to the one he was addressing, and this time with a pertinent question, but—the eloquent stranger was no longer visible, he had vanished!

A moment's silence followed, broken at last by loud cries and unrepressed laughter. "He's gone!" "He's beat!" came from a hundred voices, and it was but too true. The learned man of law, the paid representative of the rights of man and liquor had disappeared, and when last heard of was rapidly making his way toward the nearest railroad station.

As may be imagined, this was no small vantage gained for the workers of temperance, but chagrined and disappointed as their opponents could not fail to be, the occurrence seemed to render them all the more determined during the few days left their efforts, lawful and unlawful, for the accomplishment of the desired end. Having secured the connivance of the

weak district judge, they made good use of the power thus secured, to have appointed as judges of the election two men, both of whom were known to be strong partisans on the liquor side. An act so open in its flagrant disregard of law and custom attested boldly the mode of warfare pending, and under this additional disadvantage overshadowing the forces of good, the sun arose once more on the eventful day and looked down upon a far less certain victory in their behalf.

Never, surely, was battle more vigilantly, more rigidly fought, every inch contested step by step, the very earnestness of both parties maintaining alike, this time, a brooding quiet remarkable in such a conflict. Not again would the men laboring for liquor risk the forces of mind or body by indulging in that they so strenuously advocated; for once they were temperate, bending every energy toward securing the future use of that, in the danger of which they thus attested a full and perfect consciousness.

First to one side, then to the other, the scales of warfare oscillated, promising victory alternately, but whenever the result grew too doubtful, the judges scrupled not to use their temporary authority for their own purposes. On the flimsiest pretexts, votes from men on the temperance side were challenged and refused, while boys scarcely beyond their teens and men wholly unqualified by law were admitted as voters for whisky.

Against such odds it seemed almost useless to contend, but firm at their posts, and resisting as far as possible the unjust methods opposing them, the workers for temperance fought bravely till the contest ended, and heard with sorrowful, indignant hearts the shouts on the victorious side, "Whisky has carried the day! Whisky has won its rights!"

It was but by a majority of seven votes, and though convinced that a greater number still would have been fraudulently produced, if needful to carry their point,

yet it proved that the forces of evil were stronger than the advocates of temperance could have believed, and sadly they looked upon what seemed the hopeless downfall of the good work for which they had striven so faithfully.

The materials for bonfires had been made ready in many places, with which the liquor party were to signal their triumph if won, and guns and fire-works were alike prepared to add life to the rejoicings. But as though conscious of the means through which that victory had been gained, or as though ashamed thus to blazon forth the dark cause in which they had labored, few were the fires lit, few the guns or rockets fired, and the night fell silently upon the anxious hearts of mothers and wives, upon whom fell heavily also the shadow of coming sorrow.

But well for the victors was it that they thus forbore to flourish too loudly their trumpets. Conscious as they were of ill-gotten triumph, yet little did they think how soon all their well-laid plans should prove fruitless, and prove likewise how helpless is evil to contend with good when the Almighty Arm is lifted in its support. The same earnest spirit that had been foremost in the good cause still rose undaunted in the apparent defeat, and he obtained at once a decree from the court suspending all action of the party claiming victory till the election should be fairly contested. The eager saloon-men found their hands still bound, ill-brooking a delay in their ready-made plans so little expected.

Quite a crowd of anxious partisans of both sides gathered in the court-room on the appointed day; the poll-books were opened, legally examined, and to the surprise of all, and to the consternation of the liquor side, what was discovered but that by some inexplicable mistake, the astounding error had been made, throughout, of enrolling on the Local Option list the votes for the opposition, and *vice versa*, the voters for temperance stood enrolled for whisky. According to

their own record, therefore, there stood the unlooked for majority of seven re-establishing the Local Option, while those who had so ardently hoped for such a result could well bear the temporary chagrin of seeing their names recorded as clamorers for liquor. Was there ever a plainer instance of evil caught in its own craftiness? No need now to test the legality or illegality of votes; the whole election, perforce, was thrown aside as null and void, and the banner of temperance still floated undisturbed on the heights of faith and courage where it had been so firmly planted.

Years have now passed since that first contest, but to-day the good secured through such effort remains a dearly-prized blessing in the little community, spreading its influence to neighboring districts, and by its palpable results winning to its ranks many of those who were once its strongest foes.

And why may not a similar work be done elsewhere? Are there not others whose interests directly or indirectly bring them in contact with rural districts suffering the tyranny of this universal evil, who can at least attempt the good results herein recorded? How many men of wealth and influence, seeking recreation in country places, might render memorable one summer of life by thus inaugurating a work which, if successful, could but secure infinite blessings, and if, at first, unavailing, might at least sow seeds in many hearts to bear subsequent fruit and future victory? No effort for good, if wisely offered, is ever wholly lost, and who can calculate the possible results that may accrue from the influence of one earnest, determined mind setting up the standard of right where it has been trampled underneath ignorance and vice? Sooner or later good seed must grow, and if he who plants them may not see them reaped, there is yet One who watches over the harvest, and who gathers even the fragments that nothing be lost.

CÆDMON.

BY CHARLES S. GREENE.

For highē God sometiēmē senden can
His grace unto a little oxē stall.

[CLERK'S TALE, *Chaucer*.]

FROM Bede, the venerable, comes the story
Of Cædmon, first in English speech to sound
The mighty song of the Creator's glory;
And thus it was the lofty theme was found.

Rude was the hall in which the guests were seated.
Rude were the guests that gathered at the feast,
And, where the table near the door retreated,
Our Cædmon sat, the lowest and the least.

The banquet over, high above the rattle
Of clashing trencher and of busy tongue
Jangled the harp, and some fierce tale of battle
Or love as fierce in vibrant measure rung.

The next one gave, when ceased the applauding clamor,
A saga of the North,—of Odintull,
Or Thor, who made the thunder with his hammer;
And so the harp was handed down the hall.

But Cædmon listened with an inward sinking.
He could not sing,—no song like these he knew,
And as his turn came near, so grew his shrinking.
He softly from the banquet hall withdrew.

He slowly went to where the kine were sleeping—
Marvellous sights have stables sometimes known—
And there upon the straw his vigil keeping
He fell asleep, sad, friendless and alone.

Alone! ah, no; for 'mid his troubled dreaming,
There stood before him, grander than a king,
A white-robed form with heavenly radiance gleaming,
Who bore a harp, and said, "Rise, Cædmon, sing."

How could he sing to please an angel's hearing
 Who dared not lift his voice before his kind?
 And yet the gentle presence calmed his fearing,
 And new-born courage came to fill his mind.

What should he sing? What lay so unpretending
 That Cædmon might attempt it in a stall?
 Again the vision spoke, all doubting ending,
 And bade him choose the highest theme of all.

"Sing the Creation, sound the Maker's praises,
 Who out of nothing formed the solid world,
 Tell how His might the dome of Heaven upraises.
 How from His hand the shining stars were hurled."

And so he sang, his idle fears departed,
 Doing the task thus wonderfully set;
 A wondrous song, so grand and single-hearted,
 That, lo! the earth holds echoes of it yet.

THE FRENCH POOR LAW.

LAMARTINE said, nearly forty years ago, that France would have been spared all the worst excesses of all her revolutions, had she ever dared to establish the Poor Law of Elizabeth. By this he meant, had she dared to give to each man a "settlement" and make the precinct where he was "settled" responsible that he should have food, clothes and fire.

The more radical people in France are now clamoring for such a system. The "objective" which is largely sought, is a renewal of the statute of 1793, which passed the Revolutionary Assembly of that year. The interest which attaches to the discussion induces us to print in full the essential articles of that law.

I.

ON THE RELIEF LISTS.

ARTICLE 1. Two lists of persons in

need shall be made annually, two months before the session of the administrative bodies. One will comprise the names of children; the other, those of aged persons who should be helped by the nation.

2. Those who come to ask help, shall present to the Council information on the following points: If women, the amount which their husbands can pay for their support, and proper extracts from their certificate of birth; if pregnant they will bring a certificate of that fact. The different blanks shall be given them without charge, and on free paper.

3. The lists will contain the family name of the indigent person, the causes and the motives which compel him to ask for assistance under either head. In case of any refusal of help, the reasons shall be noted for purposes of reference on the margin of this list, beside the name of the person applying.

4. These lists shall be published and posted every two months. Each citizen of the *arrondissement* will be permitted to make any observation regarding them which he may think proper.

5. Such criticisms will be inscribed on a register, which shall be opened for this purpose at the bureau of each municipality; every comment shall be signed by the citizen who makes it, or, if he cannot sign it, by the officer in charge.

6. At the end of the two months, the Council-General of the commune will examine the observations which have been made, by way of preparing its final list, and may, on occasion, make note of its reasons in forming that list.

7. Each Council-General may refuse appeals for aid, which may be made by persons who consider themselves entitled to such aid on account of their own taxes or the number of their children, if it appears, in the discussion which shall take place, in presence of the applicant, or after he has been summoned, that he enjoys an income which places him above need, although his means are small.

8. The lists, thus drawn up, shall be sent with the record of criticisms to the Superior Administrations, which shall examine them in public session of Council and definitely pass on them.

9. Any citizen who thinks he has reason to complain of the decisions of the Council-General of his commune, may address his complaints to the Superior Administrations, which shall consider them.

10. Those persons who may need the national alms after one list is closed before another is opened, will address to the municipality of their residence the request which they have to make, with the grounds for it.

11. The municipality will forward such a request to the administrative body, which will decide whether the applicant shall or shall not be named in a supplementary list.

12. If they should be admitted then, and their needs continue, these names shall be transferred to the regular list, the next year.

13. All these lists, as soon as made, shall be sent by the administration to every agency in the Canton.

14. Every administration shall send annually in advance the amount of aid which shall be needed by the final distribution, to every agency in the Canton.

II.

ON THE AGENCIES.

ARTICLE I. The local Agencies which shall be formed in each *arrondissement* of each assembly, shall consist of one man and one woman in each commune.

2. If, in any *arrondissement*, there is a town of six thousand inhabitants, there shall be two Agencies, one for the town and one for the country.

3. In this case, the town Agency shall consist of six men and eight women.

4. The members of each of these Agencies shall be appointed by the general councils of the communes of the *arrondissement* at the same time and with the same formalities as those observed in other municipal elections.

5. They shall remain two years in office, one-half being changed every year.

6. The first time, the half to go out shall be designated by lot at the end of one year.

7. The duties of the agents will be of different kinds.

They shall distribute every three months to the persons named on the lists the amount of alms assigned to them. They shall watch the use made of it. They shall see that the pensions are not turned to an improper use. They shall secure for the poor the help of the health officer. All these duties will be specially entrusted to the women agents.

They shall determine according to the orders of the municipalities of the *arron-*

dissement what public works ought to be undertaken every year. They shall indicate the nature, place, and extent of these works, and watch over those who are engaged on them.

8. If any municipality in the arrondissement has any complaint as to the nature or place of the work ordered by the Agency or believes it contrary to the interests of the arrondissement or less pressing than other work, it will address its complaints to the administrative bodies. These shall hear the Agency; shall consult the other municipalities and pronounce a decision.

9. If, in the course of their visits, the members of the Agencies learn that the alms given are improperly diverted, they will notify the municipality, where the person helped resides, and enable it to take precautions for remedying the abuse.

10. The municipalities of each arrondissement will superintend the relief Agency, but they will address any complaint to the administrative bodies, which, after verifying the facts, and hearing the Agency or the members blamed, may suspend any member, or even deprive him of the office, according to the gravity of the charge.

11. Each relief Agency shall address every year an account of its work to the administrative bodies. These shall examine the accounts; shall obtain from the municipalities any information necessary as to facts which present any difficulty; they shall then certify the reports and publish the substance of them.

12. The administrative bodies shall send one copy of these accounts to the National Assembly, and one to the Executive Council.

13. A health officer shall be appointed at every Agency. His duty is to visit at their homes and without charge all those persons relieved by the nation according to a list sent him every year by the Agency.

14. The health officer shall be ready to go, at the first notice which he shall

receive from the Agency, to the house of any citizen who needs his help.

15. He is also required to make a monthly visit upon all the citizens named on the relief list, and to render a written account at the Agency of the condition in which he finds them.

16. He will keep a journal, through the year, in which he will record all that he finds extraordinary in his practice, of whatever he believes useful to humanity and advantageous to the Republic. Of this he will send one copy to the Agency and another to the Superior Administration.

17. A depot of pharmacy (dispensary) will be established in the most convenient place in the arrondissement where, on the order of the health officer, the remedies prescribed by the health officer, should be furnished and he is expressly prohibited from furnishing these remedies himself.

18. The salary of each health officer is to be five hundred livres.

19. He shall be appointed by the Agency by a plurality of votes.

20. He may be removed by the Superior Administration, on complaint made by the municipalities, after the facts alleged have been substantiated, and after the officer and the Agency have both been heard.

21. A midwife shall be appointed in the same manner, who shall attend upon all women named on the list of relief.

22. She shall be paid for each accouchement, according to the rate fixed by the Agency.

23. Each Agency shall prepare a code of by-laws for its own government, the times for its meetings and other matters relative thereto. This shall be submitted to the approval of the administrative bodies.

24. The health officer may sit in all meetings of the Agency; but only with a "consultative vote."

PUBLIC OUT-DOOR RELIEF PRACTICALLY TESTED.

BY ALFRED T. WHITE.

BROOKLYN abolished Public Out-door Relief in January, 1878. The value distributed for the ten years previous had averaged \$130,000 yearly, partly coal, but mostly groceries, divided among nearly 10,000 families. Brooklyn forms nearly the whole of Kings County, and the County Supervisors therefore ordered the supplies for Out-door Relief, while the Commissioners of Charities (or Overseers of the Poor) distributed them. There were five distributing offices, to some one of which each ward of the city was assigned, each having its particular day for distribution. On these days, many hundreds of women would often sit in a crowd for hours with their baskets, waiting for their weekly dole. Paid visitors to the homes of the applicants had been tried and found worse than useless. One winter, every applicant had been compelled to swear to her poverty; and still the number grew. It is difficult to conceive of a more demoralizing method of administering a system, which is pernicious, even when best handled, than Brooklyn labored under until 1876.

Public attention had been called to the abuse by Hon. Ripley Ropes, who, as Supervisor, had studied the system thoroughly, and by the press, but generally the officials were afraid to attack it. The amount distributed at public expense outweighed threefold all relief work by private organizations, and this raised the fear that any great reduction would entail distress that private societies could not meet. Fortunately, the very magnitude of the evil wrought a cure at the hands of the people.

About December 1, 1876, it was proposed to form a large body of Volunteer

Visitors to cover the whole city, who should visit the ten thousand families sure to apply for alms during the winter then beginning. It seemed incredible that a sufficient number of Visitors could be had, but, before the end of December, three hundred ladies and gentlemen had enlisted, had been assigned to districts and had begun work. They had at that time the support of a majority of the Board of Supervisors, but not of a majority of the Commissioners of Charities, to whom the Visitors reported.

As the Visitors called on the applicants for aid, it was found, of course, that in the great majority of cases there were able-bodied men, able to work and often at work. It was found the rule in tenement houses for every family to apply for relief, each woman feeling entitled to aid because her neighbor had aid. In some cases, self-respecting women were compelled by their neighbors to take their baskets and demand public aid with the rest, because, presumably, no superiority in such matters would be tolerated. It appeared especially in the older wards that a large population calculated upon this Public Relief as a part of their annual income, and were shiftless through the summer, because sure of aid in the winter. Many who said they would not take private aid, regarded the public dole as an obligation due them by the county, and demanded it accordingly; while on every hand it was seen that the system put a premium on misrepresentation and falsehood. In general, it reached a class whom it did not benefit and failed to reach those who really needed aid, but were supplied by private charities. No one could long see his neighbor supported, in whole or in part,

at the public expense, without being tempted to draw rations from the same generous treasury, and industrious men and women were rapidly demoralized by this open reward to laziness and lying.

It must be remembered, too, that from the ranks of able-bodied paupers, taught by Public Out-door Relief to live upon the earnings of others and that the State owes them a living, is continually recruited the great army of our criminal classes.

It soon became evident to the Visitors that the theory of the system was at fault as well as the administration of it, and that it was impossible to draw lines and make distinctions between those more and less undeserving of county aid. During 1877, an earnest effort was therefore made to induce the Commissioners to agree to the gradual abolition of the system. It was shown that no warrant for the system existed in the State law, which defines the classes of persons entitled to public aid, thus: "Every poor person who is blind, lame, old, sick, impotent or decrepit, or in any other way disabled or enfeebled so as to be unable by his work to maintain himself." It would, in fact, be difficult to frame a statute which would more effectually bar able-bodied applicants from any legal claim for public aid.

The Volunteer Visitors asked that the system should be gradually and not immediately abolished; but the Commissioners of Charities were opposed to any alteration whatever. The matter was then taken to the County Supervisors, who furnished the supplies, and that Board adopted the recommendation of the Visitors, against the remonstrance of the Commissioners, and voted to stop the free distribution of groceries, while continuing the issuance of coal orders.

With the advent of a new Board of Supervisors, January 1, 1878, however, a reconsideration was had, and it was voted to restock and re-open the storehouses, to the delight of politicians generally, and the disgust of the people at large.

Here was a dilemma, for the Visitors found that they were forced either to see all their work undone and the system in all its former iniquity reestablished, or to invoke the law and summarily cut off Public Out-door Relief of every kind. An added difficulty lay in the fact that it was then midwinter. Yet the responsibility of recommending absolute and immediate cessation of all relief seemed less than that of allowing its reestablishment on the former footing. Advice as to the legality of the system was sought, and the counsel of the new Board of Supervisors gave an unhesitating opinion against the legality of all Public Out-door Relief, except in such rare instances as might be necessary in cases waiting removal to the County Almshouse or Hospital, and in these cases only until removal could be safely made. This opinion ended the system by cutting off even the power to vote supplies.

Thus in midwinter, 1878, the Public Out-door Relief suddenly stopped. It was naturally supposed that a heavy burden would now be thrown upon the private charities; and every effort was made to prepare for this fresh drain, but the increased demand upon them did not appear and has never since appeared; on the contrary, there has been an absolute reduction in the demands upon these organizations. It was also supposed that a great multitude would now seek In-door Relief in the County Institutions, who had heretofore received the Out-door aid, but no such increase appeared; on the contrary, a steady decrease, in comparison with population, set in. The force of these statements can best be understood, and the absolute uselessness of Public Out-door Relief estimated, by a careful study of the figures in the table below. In 1878, the amount stated is for coal bought before the decision of illegality.

The table shows an increase in Out-door Relief somewhat more rapid in proportion than the increase in population from 1865 to 1877. In contrast with these figures,

it appears that while the population more than doubled, In-door Relief increased, in twenty years, only one-half, and this notwithstanding the stoppage of Out-door Relief meantime. Twenty years ago, In-door Relief covered nearly three per cent of the population and now is under two per cent; and since Out-door Relief stopped in 1878, while the population has increased twenty per cent, In-door Relief has advanced only fifteen per cent.

In the final column are given the disbursements for the last twenty years of the "Brooklyn Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor." In three-fourths of the City of Brooklyn, this is and has been the only Relief organization of consequence outside of the church societies, and on this society especially, it was supposed that a heavy burden would be entailed in 1878; yet the figures show a diminution in their disbursements nearly coincident with the stoppage of Public Relief, and attributable to increased care and efficiency on the part of the Association. Nor are the results due in any large measure to removal of the former public beneficiaries to other cities, for no unusual removals occurred; they testify directly to increased self-reliance, industry and thrift on the part of the people.

A year or more ago, the Secretary of the present Board of Commissioners of Charities, at a meeting of the County Superintendents of the Poor of New York State, said: "In 1878, the people took hold of the matter and declared that temporary relief disbursed by the municipal authorities was a failure and should be abolished. And from that time our poor in Kings County have existed, and they have not suffered for one moment for one morsel of food."

In brief, the stoppage of Out-door Relief has not only diminished by forty-five thousand annually the number of

persons drawing County Aid in this way, but, over and beyond this, it has actually been accompanied by decreased demands on the Public Institutions and Private Relief Societies; and the saving already of over a Million Dollars to the city of Brooklyn, while not unimportant, is really of much less moment than the absolute moral and material gain to the people who would have taken this money but have done much better without it.

Year.	Population of Brooklyn.	Out-door Relief Persons Aided.	In-door Relief Persons Aided.	Cost of Out-door Relief.	Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Amount Distributed.
1865	286,000	22,281	7,817	\$62,728	\$15,255
1866	308,000	27,758	8,619	78,621	20,493
1867	330,000	24,536	7,649	61,764	20,669
1868	352,000	37,378	7,353	156,821	21,994
1869	374,000	32,829	7,552	139,219	20,982
1870	396,000	38,170	8,542	193,437	21,851
1871	414,000	35,658*	9,234	141,208	22,011
1872	432,000	22,863	8,999	95,771	21,821
1873	450,000	25,033	7,487	100,555	22,211
1874	468,000	30,411	7,343	134,935	23,466
1875	485,000	35,850	7,923	116,977	24,366
1876	501,000	44,208	9,455	98,815	23,000
1877	518,000	46,330	9,268	141,137	20,818
1878	534,000	46,093	9,706	57,054	18,824
1879	551,000	Stopped.	10,231	Stopped.	16,640
1880	567,000		8,739		14,774
1881	584,000		10,347		17,719
1882	601,000		11,121		16,050
1883	619,000		11,678		22,249
1884	639,000		11,190		19,061

It remains to add that the abolition of this demoralizing form of Public aid opened the way for the better exercise of a discriminating, tender and helpful private Charity: while it has enabled the private organizations to more effectively supply all the material wants of the unfortunate and needy, it has also encouraged into beneficent action, as Friendly Visitors of the "Bureau of Charities" and in various other ways, a great number of men and women who carry into the homes of the poor gifts whose value cannot be weighed or measured.

NEW JERSEY.

THE Reports of Labor and Industry issued by Mr. Bishop, in this State, are of the very first value. The current number will be read with great interest.

Part I. is devoted to tables of information concerning the working people. These tables give the nationality, average earnings and expenses, and hours employed in the various handicrafts of that State.

The cost of living is carefully looked into in Part II., and an admirable essay by Prof. Atwater on the "Chemistry and Economy of Foods" is reprinted. The chapter devoted to the answers of the working-people is curious. These remarks and answers refer to the moral and physical condition of the operatives, and the necessity of education. As a rule, the glass-workers are not intemperate, but with one accord they desire a prohibition of the liquor traffic. A desire for free schools, libraries, and education for the young is universal. The answers of the glass-workers seem to betoken a steady and moral class of people. Naturally the answers vary much. One man believes most fully in placing a tariff of \$1,000 upon any person coming to engage in any pursuit tending to cheapen wages. The same man believes in eight hours; eight for work, eight for sleep and eight for recreation and study. The enforcement of the child-labor laws is thought desirable. The most dissatisfied workers appear to be the iron laborers. The only comment a fireman makes is, "We are as bright as other laborers." Weekly payments are largely desired and a reduction of railroad fares. "Commutation tickets, which make railroad travelling so cheap to the rich, are beyond the reach of poor men." It is curious to note the difference between the city and country employés. In the former, morality has a

lower standard and there is a constant complaint of lack of room, inconvenient houses and large expenses. Some cry out to stop importation by a high tariff on dressed goods, but the universal want is free schools, libraries, and chances of education for the young.

Part III. is devoted, first, to a careful study of the coöperative movement. We could wish that this might be published separately. The coöperative system of Germany has been and is a great success, and its origin and development are well told. Beginning on the wrong basis, the undertaking naturally failed. Two years after, Dr. Schulze formed a "Society of Mutual Credit," which, being planted on a business basis, and not on charity, has grown and thrived. The paper follows the history of coöperation in England, Australia, France and Italy, which has proved a blessing in its various forms. In the United States, the most successful form of coöperation has been the "Building and Loan Societies." There are over 3,000 of these societies in the country, with a membership of 450,000, and \$75,000,000 capital.

The next chapter relates to legislation in New Jersey. Though slow, this legislation has been steadily at work for the amelioration of the working classes. Slaves were bought and sold as late as 1829. The law of imprisonment for debt, leaving the poor debtor to actually die of starvation in the prison, unless kind friends cared for him, was abolished in 1842. In 1836 was passed a quaint law that "From and after the 4th of July next, one cow, one bed and bedding, one cradle, one stove, one half-cord of firewood, one half-ton of stove coal, one spinning-wheel, one table, six chairs, one hog, one hundred-weight of flour, one iron cooking pot, one dozen knives and forks, one dozen plates, one dozen spoons, one

half dozen bowls, two pails, one barrel, one coffee-pot, one tub, one frying-pan, the necessary tools of a tradesman, not exceeding in value \$10, and all wearing apparel, the property of any debtor having a family, shall be reserved for the use of the family against all creditors." In 1851 great improvements were effected in the school system, and the first attempts were made to limit the working hours and to protect young children. Free schools and general education have but a recent history in New Jersey.

In 1835 began the discontent of the

laborers, and they demanded eleven hours and a half instead of the usual "from sunrise to sunset." Until 1867, trades unions did not flourish, and were considered as conspiracies and unlawful. In 1883, a law was passed by which New Jersey workmen have the right to combine.

In the appendix are given in full the laws of New Jersey relating to the employment of labor and affecting the interest of wage-earners.

There are valuable statistics of iron and zinc mines, foundries, anthracite blast furnaces and general manufactures of iron.

THE STORY OF A POCKET.

BY G. W. OWEN.

At an Indian Agency in the far West, beyond the great cities, beyond the great lakes, beyond the great rivers, there were a score or two of white people among thousands of "blanket" Indians.

"I suppose they are hardly human," said Mrs. Walter to her husband the morning after her arrival, as she saw numbers of them coming through the gate of the Agency enclosure.

"Wait awhile before you decide that question," replied Mr. Walter, clerk of the Agency, who had been there some months before his wife came.

A short time after, one day, the row of shops along one side of the Agency were bustling with the usual throng of Indians, who, partly out of curiosity, partly out of a real desire to have a strap mended or a knife sharpened, and very largely because they had nothing else to do, gathered around the harness-maker and blacksmith, or watched the wagon-maker mending the heavy freight wagon. For driving these freight wagons, they received a profusion of silver dollars, which they strung into necklaces or gave to the trader for beads at the rate of twenty-five dollars per quart,

or bought Winchester rifles and ammunition from illicit dealers until they were better armed than United States troops.

So long as food, clothes and tents were given them, in any case, whether they worked or not, there was no reason why they should take care of their money.

In the partly finished dwelling-house near the shops, where a dozen employés and the three or four mothers and their children met three times a day to the mess, the large dining-room looked bare and clean. The smooth, unpainted pine floor was white from its daily scrubbing and the walls and ceiling, all of narrow pine boards, were painted a pale green tint. Across the room was a long, solidly-built table with legs of "4 x 4 stuff," made by the Agency carpenter. Partly under it stood the seats. These were two benches long enough to hold four persons, and several empty nail-kegs with square boards nailed over the top. These Mrs. Walter had christened "Agency ottomans" when she first came, and at the same time pronounced the table and benches to be "Eastlake, very Eastlake indeed."

This epithet was of unknown and mys-

terious signification to the rest of the Agency, and was received with a half-suspicious resentment by the little, sharp-nosed wife of the carpenter, who was always on the lookout for "people who felt above her," and who always brought a regular civilized chair with her, when she came from her room to dinner.

She also showed evidence of an unsympathetic atmosphere when, upon making some observation as to the field of vision from her customary "lookout," Mrs. Walter had replied:

"Why, no, I never thought any one felt above me. In fact," she added, "I never thought that there was any room above me for any one to 'feel' in."

The cook-room opened from the dining-room. It was a roughly-boarded shanty, with only the frame of a door-way and window giving light and entrance on one side. There had been no storms so far in the season to compel putting in the door and window. Only that morning, when the fierce and turbulent wind, which always blows there, did actually whirl the pancakes off the griddle as Mrs. Bird was turning them over, she insisted that some boards should be leaned over the window till she could get breakfast.

The morning meal was over. Mrs. Bird, who cooked for the mess, was hurriedly placing a long row of freshly washed plates down one side of the table, when she suddenly said,

"There comes your Indian, Mrs. Walter."

"Is he coming here?"

"Yes. That is the one you bought your moccasins of."

"Which one is he? Oh, now I see his face. I wonder what his name is."

"I do not know. You seem to be the only one he is acquainted with, so we call him your Indian."

Mrs. Walter, as the last arrival from "the States," was full of the novelty of Indian-agency life. She had already learned to recognize some of the keen,

expressive, intelligent faces of the Indians. Many of them had a marked and striking individuality. The countenances of the women were calm, mild and pleasant, often smiling and merry as they gathered in groups, full of chatter and laughter with each other.

A tall, lithe Indian, draped from his shoulders to his feet with a heavy, dark blue blanket, with a face of almost boyish expression, stood smiling in the doorway.

Mrs. Walter looked up from the sewing-machine in the corner of the dining-room, where she was busily making a blue flannel shirt for Mr. Walter, and gave a cordial response to his salutation of "How?" at the same time offering her hand for the shake which she had learned it was rudeness to an Indian to omit.

A few days after she first came, some moccasins had been brought to the house, which had been purchased by some of the others. Mrs. Walter was very anxious to obtain some, and at last this Indian had stepped forward and signified his willingness to bring a pair.

"When?" said Mrs. Bird, who could speak a few words of their language.

"Steema," said he, holding up two fingers.

Mrs. Walter looked inquiringly at Mrs. Bird.

"He means 'two sleeps;' he will bring them day after to-morrow."

He brought a beautiful pair, covered with blue beads, with quaint designs in yellow and white. Since then he had often looked into the door or window with a pleasant "How?" This morning he stood watching the whirling machine for some time. Mrs. Bird placed a chair for him, and he sat down with a grave courtesy and ease which would have become any civilized drawing-room.

Mrs. Walter continued her sewing; one sleeve was laid completed on the chair beside her, then the other; "gusset and band and seam" followed, one after the

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other. Still "Mrs. Walter's Indian" sat silent and watchful. After awhile he rose and went out, with some project evident in his face.

"He is going over to the trader's store," said Mrs. Bird, who managed to keep an eye on most of the movements around her, while she cooked for the mess and succeeded in making very excellent fare, whether it was "bean day" or "hominy day."

Soon the visitor returned, and after asking little Winnie Bird for some water, lingered by the open window near the sewing-machine or stood by the door. Then he came in and sat down. He seemed somewhat uneasy, and shifted about in the chair and appeared rather unsettled in his mind as to the best location for his gayly moccasined feet. At length he went out, but like the famous lamb "still he lingered near." He sat on the porch, he leaned against an empty water barrel; he arranged the heavy blue robe again and again around his shoulders and over his arms.

It was nearly noon when Mrs. Bird, who had been observing him, said,

"That Indian has something in his hand under his blanket."

"Has he?" said Mrs. Walter, indifferently.

"Yes, and I believe he wants you to sew something."

"Sew for Indians!" said Mrs. Walter. "Why, do they ever want anything sewed?"

"Of course they do. The women have calico gowns, and the men have shirts or blouses which the government gives them. Then they buy bright-colored cotton at the trader's store, and his wife makes blouses for them. She gets lots of money that way. She has them pay her a dollar for each one, and they are just put together, not even hemmed. I shouldn't wonder if he wanted one made now."

"I wonder if he does. That would be the last novelty yet, to sew for Indians! I mean to ask him what he wants."

Mrs. Walter never went half way about anything. She started at once to find "her Indian." He sat patiently on the front step. She went to him and said,

"Did you want anything? What is it?"

He looked up inquiringly; she nodded her head and held out her hand.

He rose slowly, and apparently with some doubt and embarrassment drew out several yards of calico folded into a small package.

"There!" said Mrs. Bird, "I knew I saw a corner of that. He wants you to make a blouse."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Walter, and she looked with an amused face at the Indian and then at the several agency-ladies who had gathered around. The Indian looked anxious and uncertain. His expression struck her, and she said suddenly,

"Yes, of course I will make it. Let me have it." And with a smile she reached for the cloth.

He understood her acquiescence and with a relieved and grateful look began to slowly unfold the cloth. It took some time to lift every fold, but finally, from the midst of the package he took—six large nails. These he held in one hand, while he loosened some of the scarlet ribbons bound around the long braids of hair hanging each side of his face. He tied the nails tightly in the knots at the end of one of the braids and then gave the cloth to Mrs. Walter.

"What in the world does he put those nails there for?" said she with amazement.

"He has probably just bought them at the trader's, and carries them home that way because he has no pocket."

The key to the door of civilization is A Pocket, but no one at the Agency, nor indeed in the Indian Bureau, has abstract ability enough to apply this fact to the Indian Question.

Mrs. Walter took the print, which was white with little scarlet dots upon it, shook it out to see if there was enough, and,

nodding assuringly, pointed to the sewing-machine.

He seemed satisfied, and repeated several times some word.

"Is that the word for blouse?" said Mrs. Walter.

"I do not know," said Mrs. Bird, "seems to me it does not sound like that."

"Well, I will make one, anyway. He cannot want anything else."

"I must get the dinner on the table," said Mrs. Bird.

Mrs. Walter again sat down to the machine. The Indian disappeared, but in a few moments came into the door, beckoning to the little six-year-old Winnie, who followed with a puzzled expression. He took the cloth from the stand, and placing it on Winnie's shoulder, looked to see if he was understood. Mrs. Walter was puzzled, too; then taking the nearly finished garment she was making, she placed the calico with it and performed a pantomime of measuring sleeves and body.

That was not it at all. Mr. Indian took the cloth and went through a similar pantomime with Winnie's apron.

"For pity's sake!" said Mrs. Bird. "He wants a little dress made."

The cloth was wrapped around Winnie and measured and folded, and the delighted face of the Indian showed unmistakably that he was now understood.

"I wonder how large his child is," said Mrs. Walter, and she slipped her hand up and down an imaginary row of children's heads taller and shorter than Winnie.

No. The Indian looked an undoubted negative.

Suddenly he stepped to the door and pointed far away over the hills across the valley, and then raising his hand to the sun overhead, slowly let it sink half-way to the horizon.

That was plain. He was going to get the child and would be back the middle of the afternoon.

About four o'clock he appeared at the door, with a happy-faced young squaw

and as pretty a year-old baby as the sun ever shone upon. As he stepped proudly into the room with the baby in his arms, it laughed and crowed aloud. The shy and smiling mother followed close; she had never been to the Agency buildings before, and her attention was divided between her baby and the wonders around her. The baby was dressed in a gown of some dark cloth, and on its chubby legs and feet were little leggings and moccasins covered entirely, sole and top, with solid bead work.

It was so clean and sweet and so full of play and laughter that the ladies all wanted to take it at once, and the delighted parents stood in an ecstasy of pride and pleasure to see the white women playing with their baby.

The cloth was quickly fitted to the dimpled brown shoulders, the little hands were filled with cakes and then the mother took the child in her arms, its soft black eyes smiling back over her shoulder as she stood in the door, while the father asked when the dress would be done.

"To-day is Friday. I will make it to-morrow. Mrs. Bird, please tell him to come Monday."

So Mrs. Bird held out three fingers and said, "Steema," and the father and mother and baby all nodded and laughed and went away.

It was dainty work to fashion the little dress the next day. Both the ladies contributed scarlet borders and buttons, so that it was trimmed as gayly as a doll. Bright bands edged the ruffles and the cunning little collar and cuffs; really it was very pretty.

Early, Monday, the father came for it; in fact, he came Sunday evening, but Mrs. Walter was gone to the little mission church and did not see him.

When it was given him, he stood in perfect delight and looked it over every way, then he held it out at arms-length with both hands and gazed at it in rapture. At last, after his admiration became some-

what moderated, Mrs. Walter wrapped it in a paper and placing it in his hand, pointed over the hills to the baby.

He smiled, bowed and started out of the door, only to return in a moment with Winnie, whose fate it was to be beckoned away from her flower-bed of cactus balls and brought in for a model. The little dress was brought out, the ruffles lapped over, his finger thrust into the fold, and then into the pocket of Winnie's apron.

He wanted a pocket on the baby's dress!

Mrs. Walter stitched it on while he contentedly stood and watched the process.

When it was finished, he wrapped it again in the paper, hesitated a minute, and then gravely reached to shake hands; he held her hand for a moment, and as he let it go, slipped from his fingers a silver half-dollar and was gone in a moment.

Many times that day, Mrs. Walter found herself saying,

"How these people love their children!

They are human beings like ourselves."

THE ARK OF GOD.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

My startled eyes see a city rise

Up from the Jordan banks.

The sky above it is clear and blue,

The air is sweet with the breath of morn,

Its walls are strong and its guards are true,

The siege or attack it laughs to scorn.

I see its army's glittering ranks,

I hear its warder's challenge cries.

And at break of day a strange array

Unfolds to my wondering ken.

A long procession passes by,

I see in its midst the ark of God.

I know that this host with courage high
Through the waves of Jordan in safety trod.

I hear the tramp of armed men,

And the trumpets' call as for deadly fray,

But never a voice through all the way.

The cycle rounds with the circling year,

The days of old are the Now and Here.

Beset with foes upon every side

Still the hosts of God sweep their mystic march

By buttress, and tower, and postern arch

Of many a Jericho's walls of pride.

And still behind the rallying ranks,

The Jordan flows over all its banks.

Retreat is death—and the work we do,

Seems an idle march as in days of yore;

No victory gained, no conflict through

But timing footsteps o'er and o'er.

But courage, hearts! be brave and strong!
 Ye bear in your midst the ark of God.
 The path your feet have travelled long,
 The bleeding feet of the martyrs trod.
 Soon shall be ended God's week of years,
 The spell of silence shall soon be riven,
 The victor-cry banish all your fears,
 "Shout, for the city to you is given!"

From the sunset shore comes the rallying word,
 The Father of Waters has caught the cry;
 New England hills have the challenge heard,
 And in answering echoes made reply.
 The world moves on;—our God is true;
 Without Him never a sparrow falls.
 The triumph-hours of the past review,
 Count the Jerichos' fallen walls.

THE TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

BY ONE OF THE "ORIGINAL TEN."

THERE has always been a difference of opinion as to which of them began it. If you should ask any member of an early Ten to give you an accurate account of how the clubs were started, she would very probably reply, in the words of the author of "Cricket on the Hearth," that "she wasn't naturally positive, and wouldn't set up her own opinion against the opinion of another Ten-er, on any account whatever, but if she was to be accurate she would have to begin at the beginning, and how could she begin at the beginning without beginning at *her* Ten?" I should like to say, in explanation, that there is the most natural of reasons for this plurality of Original Tens. The book was read by several groups of girls at nearly the same time, and, as girls are very much alike, the result was what might have been expected, a general simmering of clubs. The main reason, in fact, the only reason, why our club (let me speak this once and forever after hold my peace) lays claim to being *the* Original Ten, is, that it was formed in such a purely accidental way. We were not a reading club, nor a literary society, nor a mutual improvement organization, nor a social science club, nor anything that had a trace of organization in it. There was no chemical affinity about us; we were unquestionably a mixture. As for our first meeting, it was worthy of Col. Ingham himself. There were two Teachers, six Sophomores, one Freshman and one "Special." We all happened to be at the college during the Easter vacation, and we all happened to get together for an evening, in the free-and-easy fashion of holiday time. One of the teachers said: "Suppose I read something aloud?" And the book happened to be $10 \times 1 = 10$. It took two evenings to read it through, and we sat up pretty late, stopping to talk it over as we read. Even then, we had not thought of forming a Ten, till the Freshman exclaimed suddenly, "Girls! did you know

there are just ten of us?" That set fire to the train that led to our organizing the club, and ultimately, to the exploding of our club into ten clubs and those ten into a hundred, and so on, in the ratio everybody knows.

At first, we thought we would call it the Durant Club, after the founder of our beloved college, whose influence, we were quite sure, was broad and good, and deep enough to do what Harry Wadsworth did. But, after consideration, we decided to call it simply 10 x 1. The spirit was one and the same, whatever the name, and 10 x 1 would always explain itself to those who had read the book. As for those who hadn't, our first missionary labor should be to see that they did.

That was in April. We did not try to form new clubs that college year, but met as often as we could, and translated the mottoes in as many different ways as occasion and invention could suggest. The last of the mottoes lent itself most readily to our manipulation. Now we rendered it: "Tie bows of ribbon on your doors, to make you remember to shut them gently." This proved contagious, spread rapidly, and prevented many a student's vocal door from continuing to be what a queer old gentleman once called "an eye-sore to the ear" of her neighbors. We next decided that it meant: "Take particular pains to greet people cordially when you meet them in the corridors or on the grounds." This we discussed to some extent, mutually confessed that a hearty morning greeting had often helped to make a hard day easier for us, and resolved secretly, each in her own heart, never to forget and look glum, no, not even if she had five recitations the next day and hadn't got her home letter!

Other interpretations were of local value but might not be suggestive here. As the end of the year drew near, we took "Forward and not backward" for our particular motto, and planned with a will about new clubs. Not that it was easy—for

some of us were timid,—nor agreeable,—for we were fairly homesick at the thought of giving up our dear old Ten—but if we were to be worthy of our name and our mottoes, we must burn the bridge behind us, and burn it we did.

It was decided that each of the new clubs should contain five old girls and five new ones; this as a means of helping the new girls to get acquainted. Then we were to have frequent meetings of the old Ten to report progress, take counsel over failures, exchange ideas, and gain new inspiration from each other.

Each girl engaged her five old members before the year closed, and we all looked anxiously but hopefully forward to the day when ten should become a hundred. That day came at last in September of 1883.

I remember a lecturer once saying in our college chapel that "a new student would join anything." Our resentful reception of this remark—for we were new girls at the time—was proof positive that we felt the truth of it. What new student does not know the oppressive sense of insignificance, that comes with being one of a multitude, and what new student is not glad to alleviate the forlornity, and recover, in part, her lost identity, by becoming one of a few, even though the few be included in the many? This may account for the readiness with which our timid proposal, "Would you like to join my 10 x 1 Club?" was always met with hearty assent, and a prompt attendance at the first meeting.

That first meeting! Many of us will long remember the inward quaking which preceded it, and the triple responsibility of getting acquainted, explaining clearly the object of the club, and making it interesting. We had thought it would not be well to read the whole book together, so we recommended it for private reading, and simply gave extracts, which showed the spirit and purpose of the whole. We read:

"The freemasonry of it all was that you

found everywhere a cheerful outlook, a perfect determination to relieve suffering and a certainty that it could be relieved, a sort of sweetness of disposition, which comes, I think, from the habit of looking across the line, as if death were little or nothing; and with that, perhaps, a disposition to be social, to meet people more than half-way," and this:

"They lived more for each other and for God."

When these words had been read aloud, we all knew what the clubs were meant to be. The next thing was to go to work.

If I should attempt to tell all that the one hundred girls in those ten clubs did that year, I shouldn't have leisure left to take my degree. One Ten made cambric scrap-books—light pink and light blue—for a Children's Hospital. And when they were done, the whole Ten went to Boston, one Monday, and took them in person to the Hospital Children, a trip which proved a treat no less to themselves than to the children.

Another Ten made garments for a destitute family that one of the teachers found in the village. That was also the club whose teacher-member took them a trip to Europe while they sewed, by reading them her journal and showing them her pictures. At Easter time, this idea was carried out by one of the Tens; the names and addresses were found of ten of our graduates in mission fields. The ten were chosen who had particularly hard positions, or were in places where they would be likely to be lonely. The girls drew lots for the names, and then each sent an Easter card and a cheerful letter to the worker whose name she drew. Many grateful answers came to these greetings, sent to unknown people in unknown lands, and the girls quietly triumphed over Mrs. Polly, in the book, who was so sure no good would ever come of "writing letters, at a venture, to people you never saw."

We called our meeting of the old Ten, "Heads' Meeting," and found it as great

a help and comfort as we had expected. Long before the year was over, clubs began to be started independently. Whenever a new one was discovered, we invited the founder to come, as its representative, to our Heads' Meeting, and by the end of the year, the Original Ten had exceeded its bounds, and the first hundred was once and a half that number.

When the Tens had become a recognized power, desirable reforms were often started by their help. A meeting of Heads would be called, the new idea suggested, and its support promised. Then separate meetings of the Tens would be called, and in a very short time the thought had permeated the college.

There was a general feeling of sympathy and good-fellowship between the clubs as there could but be when all were working for the same end. In the winter, the members of Tens at Stone Hall gave a pleasant reception to the whole hundred plus—and we had our first grand Conference. Our one disappointment on this occasion was that Mr. Hale, to whom we had extended an invitation, was unable to be with us.

We felt that it was made up to us, however, when, one sunny afternoon, the invisible electric wire that kept the Tens in communication, vibrated joyously to the message, "Come to the parlor at four o'clock. Mr. Hale will be there to talk to the Tens." And every Ten responded to a unit, and Mr. Hale was there, and talked to us, as the girls all said, "like the book," only that it was better, since we saw him face to face; and after that meeting and talk, who so base that she would not give up her old Ten, and cheerfully, too, for the grand duty and privilege of multiplying that hundred by ten again!

Where did we get our thousand, do you ask? There were not enough in the College? No; but what of that? There was

"All out-doors and all its greenery,"

as wide a field as one could ask.

At Wellesley, those who were left of

the hundred, resolved the college so completely into Tens that there was hardly "one to carry." The work became almost universal, and so varied that I can give here no adequate report of it. In the year 1884-5, a College Christian Association was formed, to which, for greater unity in the work, nearly every society in the college became tributary.

Some of the energy that might have gone to starting new Tens was thus turned into the new channel, though it ought not to be called a new channel at all, since it was the same work with a different name. There are still many Tens by name as well, though it cannot now be said, as it was by one young lady of the year before, that "the only way to distinguish yourself is not to belong to a Ten."

Meanwhile, the ripples are spreading in the world outside. We have heard of one club started across the sea, and composed of people of four nationalities. Another was started on a journey, where the party happened to consist of ten, and one was a member of a Wellesley Ten.

From a High School Club in Worcester, comes this report, by its Wellesley founder. In the variety of its efforts, there may be suggestions for other clubs. "Visits to a poor old lady, a Thanksgiving dinner to the same; two visits to the City Hospital, with flowers for each patient, the last on Easter morning; separate Christmas letters to every member of the Old Ladies' Home, a number of which have been replied to by the old ladies; two large mottoes for the City Hospital at Christmas; weekly sewing for one of the lady visitors of the City Missionary Society; flower seeds purchased and distributed among the members of the Club for mission gardens for the season."

From still another outside worker I have received this letter, which will explain itself, though I hardly think you will agree with the writer that "there was not much to tell." The cards referred to are

printed forms, to be filled out with the names, residences, etc., of the ten members, in forming a new club.

MY DEAR ———:— I will try to tell you about what I have *tried* to do with the $10 \times 1 = 10$, but it will be very brief, because there is not much to tell.

I have two copies of $10 \times 1 = 10$. I have lent them systematically, and I know that I have personally made acquainted with the idea, fifty persons. I have asked each one to interest one other person. I have taken especial pains to tell all about the Wellesley work to people from other States.

I am making up a club of people from *ten different States*; I have had the cards printed which you have seen, and have given them to any one whom I thought would care to form a club. I know that one or two clubs have been formed by people whom I do not know, who gained the idea from some one to whom I loaned a book. I still keep up visiting the hospital as my own work. I continue to lend my books, and I find that several people have bought copies for themselves. I think this is all; you see it is not much.

Yours affectionately,

J. S.

Chicago, March 26, 1886.

These are but two reports. Many others might be given, to prove beyond a doubt, that the army of the Wellesley Tens, with the mottoes on its banner, and the decimal system as its rule of increase, is still triumphantly "marching on."

One more straw for the wind to blow, and then I am done.

Yesterday, I asked for news of one of our first and loveliest workers, a second Irene in sweetness and helpfulness, who, like Irene, is married now, and a minister's wife in a great city. "Has Mrs. N. a Ten now?" I asked; and the quick answer came, with a smile, "No, a thousand."

MY FRIEND THE BOSS.

A Story.

BY E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER XVII.

I SHOULD have said that I knew what John Fisher's life was, in all its important details, after I had been in Tamworth for a fortnight of such experiences as I have described. But one of those coincidences turned up, which are frequent enough in daily life and on the stage, but which writers who are not dramatists are always afraid of, which show in truth how small the world is, and it gave me quite a new glimpse of the way in which a part of his time was taken.

There had been another state dinner party at his house. For a set of French gentlemen had turned up, commissioned by their government to inquire into the condition of prisons or of something, and they had letters of introduction to John Fisher, and so we had them to dinner. We were full forward in the ceremony, and I was doing my best with the particular pundit who was entrusted to me on one side, and a frightened school girl on the other, who had been asked because the pundits had been hospitably received by her father in Duluth. Of a sudden, one of the servants spoke to me and gave me a letter, which he said came by the latest delivery and was marked, rather boldly, "IMMEDIATE."

I was afraid of bad news from a friend who was ill, and as soon as I well could, opened my letter to find that I need not have been so anxious. But Carmichael, who was an old friend of mine, and was now settled down in Edenton, in North Carolina, had fallen in with a newspaper giving an account of our terrible railroad accident at the Lookout Station, the day of the washout. In the account was the name of Mrs. Winborn among the killed, and the name of a certain Nathan Winborn, as badly wounded. "Now I see by the same paper, that you are to come to this same Tamworth," so Carmichael went on; "and I beg you to find if this Mr. Winborn is my old Captain in the 11th Kentucky. He is the noblest fellow I ever knew, if he is, and you must bear him my best love, and see if you can do anything for him. There is no man living, whom I love and honor as I do him."

Of course, there was no reason why I should feel that this commission of Carmichael's must be attended to immediately. But I tell all this story about the dinner, simply to explain why I went in search of Col. Winborn when I did, and how the coincidence took place to which I referred. For, after dinner, when other guests came in; rather tired, to say the truth, of the prisons, and of talking French, I thought I would see if the poor man were anywhere in our part of the town, and so slipped out, unobserved, into the splendid moonlight. It would not take long to ride into the city on a street-car, and there I could determine whether I would or would not go in search of my man. Naturally, I should have asked advice of the home party.

But they were all engaged with their guests, and I was glad to paddle my own canoe.

But I had the inevitable drawbacks. The directory revealed "Nathan Winborn, 53 Laurel," very plainly. Certainly, there could not be in the world many people of that name. But I saw, with a certain regret, that the directory revealed nothing more. Now when a man's name is in the directory, without any other token than that he lives somewhere, you know that he is either very high on the ladder of comfort or very low. He is so grand that he has no occupation but to fret over his investments, in which case that occupation is not put down, for reasons not known to me. Or he is so unfortunate that no one will employ him. And then you feel afraid that the wolf is at the door. In Nathan Winborn's case the "Laurel Street" was not encouraging. I had never heard of Laurel Street, nor had the somewhat cynical, though courteous druggist's clerk, whose chained directory I was consulting. I asked him, timidly, if he knew where Laurel Street was, and his reply showed that no man, well-to-do in the world, knew or cared. This was clear from the tone in which he said, "No, Sir!" No Laurel Streets for such as him.

But the friendly directory revealed again, that Laurel Street ran from 173 Garfield Street, across to 99 Hancock Street. And these streets were in a distant suburb of the city. I doubted whether I should find Nathan Winborn that evening. The courteous clerk told me what line of street-cars I was to take, and that I should find them at the City Hall. At the City Hall it proved that the car went to Hancock Street every half hour when the Omaha train was not late, as that night it probably was. All this ended by my walking a mile, taking the car when it passed me, and then, when I modestly asked to be dropped at Laurel Street, I was told with surprise and scorn even, that I should have transferred at Baldwin's, that I had been switched off and was now on Grover Street, which was far away from Garfield Street, in short, that the best thing for me, was to leave the car at once and walk back again, all which I did accordingly. The reader will not wonder, then, that it was nearly ten o'clock before I found Nathan Winborn's house. I had determined not to ring, or make any sign, unless there seemed to be lights below stairs.

Alas, when I found the house, No. 53, my presages, gradually growing more doleful and more, acquired a sad certainty. This particular Garfield, and Arthur, and Laurel suburb was, clearly enough, no abode of splendor. The people were not at the top of the comfort ladder. No. 53 was a little "five-room house." Even in the moonlight I could see that it had but little paint, and it might have been, probably had been, moved from site to site half-a-dozen times, since some pioneer erected it, as various streets became more and more grand, and its place in them had been taken by more substantial homes. In all the rest of the street, the houses were as dark as at midnight. Either nobody else lived in Laurel Street, or they were all early people, who would not waste their kerosene. But Nathan Winborn's house showed a light from every window. It must be fully occupied with people who were awake.

After a moment's hesitation, therefore, I turned the little crank in the middle of the door, and struck the little gong on the other side within. I had to wait a full minute for an answer. Then to my surprise, as the door was flung open, the man who held a lamp above his head that he might see his late visitor was John Fisher! He was in his shirt-sleeves.

"Is it you?" he said, quick, anxious, and in a low tone. "Nothing wrong at home, I hope." And in a moment I re-assured him; told him, indeed, that I had left home while he was still in his own parlor, and that I had been two hours in

coming. "No," I said. "I found my way by the directory to inquire about this poor gentleman. Was he an officer in a Kentucky regiment in the war?"

"The same," said he, in the low voice in which he had spoken before. "Poor fellow, he is at this moment dying in his room. The doctor is with him, and sa ysis cannot last long. But I have sent the children to bed; those are their rooms upstairs and the day-nurse is sleeping here." He pointed to the rear room which opened from the little passage where we stood. "I cannot ask you in, you see, unless, indeed, we should explore the kitchen. If, as I suppose, you came to be of use to him, I am afraid there is nothing more we can ask you to do. He will be with his wife and baby before morning. The baby, you know, was crushed with her mother."

I told him that I knew nothing, but that I came to be of use, and if it were of any use, I could easily spend the night there.

"No," said John Fisher, perfectly simple, "he knows me; he is used to me. We will not make any change to-night. This is my night, you see. But do not let us stand talking here; they will wonder where you are, at home; and I will show you a shorter way than you came by. Really, really, I am all the force that they need. You see the doctor is here, and will be here till midnight. Stay, I will tell him I am going with you, and we can talk as we walk, in the open air."

He went in for a moment to the dying man's room; came back, and said he was sleeping gently, and then joined me to show me the direct way home. "I knew nothing of them," he said when we were well out of the house, "till the evening of the accident. One of our fellows, Hastings, went to the station when the doctors' train came in, and brought poor Winborn to his house. For Winborn begged to come home. It would have been better, perhaps, to take him to the hospital; but here were the children, three not hurt besides the two that were; and the poor fellow has been so much happier to have them where he could see them at any moment. So I am glad Hastings brought him here. We had, of course, all the force which you could handle in that little cabin, and the doctors have been untiring. It is Lincoln who is with him now."

I told Mr. Fisher who Carmichael was, and repeated, as well as I could, the words of his eager letter. He had said that Nathan Winborn was a fellow-officer and one of the noblest men who ever lived. He had written to me to be sure that he might know what had befallen his friend. Then I asked imprudently, perhaps, "You speak of Hastings. Do I know him? Who is he? Who are 'we'?"

"Oh!" he replied, with an instant's hesitation, "there is a little knot of us; there are ten in all, who have kept together since we were all at the bench, and have sometimes counted in a new member to fill up a gap, who have found it a good thing to take the care,—well, of such a thing as this, when it comes along, for ourselves and by ourselves, without making any fuss about it. And it is a good thing. I am very glad to be counted in still. Some things cannot be done by proxy; and I think it is always bad for a man to be separated, by whatever circumstances, from the rank and file, from all sorts and conditions of men. I wish I had known this fine Major Winborn before. I could have been of use to him, and he to me. But as I have not known him, I am glad to take care of him here in person now; glad not to relegate everybody and everything to somebody else to see to. I was glad to split the wood for his kitchen fire, and to draw the tea which he wanted, after his own army fashion."

"The truth is, Mellen, that we ought never to lose the touch of the elbow, even if it happen, as things come and go, that you are serving on the staff. Do you

remember—no; you were not with us—that fine fellow, Denny, when we are all drilling, just before Sumpter? I have never forgotten one of his saws: ‘A man never knows his manual too well.’ There is a deal in it. Those boys of mine should never ride a horse, if they could not saddle him, bridle him, and groom him. I believe I ought to say shoe him. And I swear to you, Mellen, I should feel cheap enough, if I were ever laid up with a broken leg, and had a lot of women bothering about me to take care of me, if I had not found some chance to take my turn. That is the reason why I am on duty to-night. It does not happen often. But I should be very loath not to take my turn with the others. I cling to this Ten, of the old days, as I do not to any of the grander clubs. When it is my turn, as it is to-night, I am glad the night comes round.”

And he bade me good-night, and went back to close poor Winborn’s eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN the day of the ratification meeting came I had, of course, determined to go.

To my surprise, Mrs. Grattan and Miss Bell insisted on going also, and claimed my escort, which I was very willing to give. The woman whom I thought crazy had bidden me tell Mr. Fisher that William Salter would tell the people all about the necklace. I had thought she might be crazy, but still I did not dare neglect her message. I had fallen into the habit of asking Miss Bell’s advice and information, when Tamworth life puzzled me. But I did not dare do that now, for the communication was clearly confidential.

So I simply told John Fisher, after waiting, in rather a cowardly way, for a day or two, that a woman had called me out to say that he must not go to the ratification meeting, for that William Salter would make a speech and tell the people all about the necklace.

I could not doubt for an instant but he was annoyed. There passed over his face a shadow, which I never saw but two or three times. And I never wanted to see it again. It expressed utter bitterness, with the sense of failure, and perhaps a sort of tired look, as if one should say: “What is the use of fighting any longer?” But it was gone in the infinitesimal of a second, and he might well fancy that I had never seen it. He lifted his great eye-brows as if in surprise, and said, “What in the world did she mean?” But he said nothing more. And I knew that he knew what she meant, and that the subject, whatever it was, was hateful to him.

When Thursday came, Miss Bell loitered in the breakfast-room, as we left it, that she might speak to me alone. It had happened that I had had no chance to talk with her by herself, since the day I took her message so unconsciously to George Rossiter. This morning she said, hurriedly, and careful that we should not be overheard, “Do you know why Mr. Fisher is going to the meeting to-night, the ratification meeting?” I had even forgotten it was Thursday. But I felt guilty at the moment, as one does when he has a secret. Of course if he were going I knew why. But I stumbled, as a man with a secret does, and showed her, merely by my manner, that I had a secret, and perhaps that it was a secret that I did not understand. I said: “Is he going? I did not know it till you told me.”

“He is going,” said she. “He is determined to go. And he will not tell me

why. Yet it would be much better that he should not go. He never does go, and that makes me think—" here she paused, "that he knows he ought not to go. You men are just so obstinate," she said, trying to laugh, but with her eyes full of tears, which made her more charming than ever. Then she looked me square in the eye. "And you cannot tell me why he goes."

Of course I could tell her; and, whether I ought to tell her or no, Mary Bell with her eyes full of tears could have turned me round her finger. I told her what the crazy woman had said to me.

Her only answer was: "I was afraid it was that. So William Salter is to make the speech. Ungrateful hound!" Then, as if it were another subject, "Mr. Fisher will never take me with him. Will you—"

There was an instant when I was exquisitely happy that she had asked me for such a service, but she made no pause at that instant, nor indeed thought that I was fool enough to be deceived. She simply showed me what a fool I was as she finished it.

"Take me and Cordelia Grattan with you. We cannot go alone. But we can all have one of the carriages." Carriages, to be sure, as if it would not have been better to have walked with her twenty miles, than to have sailed in Cleopatra's barge with Cordelia Grattan and her! Why should Cordelia Grattan and her millions come in everywhere? This was the thought which passed through my mind. But alas! it met the other thought that if we were to walk to the meeting alone, George Rossiter might overtake us.

To the ratification meeting accordingly we went, taking very sedulous care that John Fisher should not know we were going. But, indeed, an ominous silence hung over the whole day, which was quite enough to show me that there was a secret, if in my own private duty I had not known it perfectly well. In that house, of all the houses in Tamworth, in that house where every preparation for the election had been begun, not one word was said of the great meeting which virtually crowned the work, which even decided by its success or failure how the work was to end. We made our arrangements so as not to interfere with Mr. Fisher's, and about this there proved to be no difficulty, as he had made his so as not to interfere with ours. We arrived at the hall rather early and so had tolerably good seats in the gallery, which was reserved for ladies and their friends. But the building soon filled up, and was crowded, except on the platform, before any person appeared there. To my disgust, George Rossiter saw us from below and came and joined us where we sat, quite unconscious that I could have wrung his neck, had the customs of society and the instructions of the decalogue permitted.

A good band was playing when we went in, and continued to play until the meeting began. But I do not think any person listened for an instant to the music. It filled the office of music well, if it be true that we are quite unconscious of the best. We were all watching to see who was there, and wondering if this or that person were not there. Just at the hour appointed, half-past seven, from a mysterious side passage, the committee and dignitaries filed in upon the platform. The ladies of my party watched them with a good deal of feeling, now of admiration, generally of ridicule, and sometimes of scorn. "Little John Ryder, he does Ward III." "Really, Mary, there is Theodore Gross! Who would have thought it? Buttons at the front. Mary, he is looking for you." "Col. Stothers! See Col. Stothers! They ought to cheer Col. Stothers." The Colonel had not been at a ratification meeting since the Town Hall was built, and did not know the intricacies of the platform. When he was dragged well to a prominent seat at the front, the audience, lower of

course than the ladies, took the idea, and cheered him vigorously. He had earned his cheers by withdrawing in favor of Dr. Witherspoon, who appeared a moment after, and was cordially received in his turn.

All this time the band was playing "Hail to the Chief," as loud as it could play, but it seemed as if no one excepting a dilettante visitor like me, knew or cared that they were not playing the "Dead March in Saul."

Mr. Fordyce, who was their Member of Congress, presided, and presided very well. He spoke quite at length on the exigency, which he really thought to be of the utmost importance to the people, so that he could say so without lying, or any rhetoric analogous to lying. He said that on another occasion he should like to talk to them on national politics, and he hoped that they would give him an opportunity. "But not to-night." He hoped that to-night Democrats and Republicans and Third Party Prohibitionists, or First Party Greenbackers were together to join in establishing permanently the good government of Tamworth, which they had only partly won by the magnificent victory of last year. That victory had been welcomed by the whole country. Once and again he had been congratulated on it in Washington.

At this point in Fordyce's speech, Mary Bell seized Cordelia Grattan's arm. "There's that viper, William Salter!"

"Where?" said the other, eagerly.

"The second man in the row behind him. The man with something red in his button-hole. I wonder the earth don't open under him."

I was glad to be thus far prepared for the drama. Fordyce was going on with his explanation of last year's victory, and what must be done to complete it. He made a very good picture of what his father and their fathers did, not thirty years ago, when Tamworth was not; when there was then "only a possible Tamworth, a Tamworth of the future; and for the present, ladies and gentlemen, only a swamp which no man could cross, and a creek which no man could sail in and a tangle of cotton-wood which no man could see through. What did my father and your fathers do then? Did they array themselves in two camps, because some of them came from Europe and some were born in America? No! They hewed at the same tree, and they lugged the same log. Did they settle, the Democrats on one side the creek and the Republicans on the other? No! My father split shingles for a man whose politics he hated, and that man cooked the corn which they both ate for their dinner.

"And I will not ask, gentlemen—and ladies, for I see we are honored by the presence of ladies, I will not ask, Where were the people who are opposing us this week? I do not know. I know they were not here. I know they were not honorably building up the best interests of this place or of any place. They were somewhere, where they did not learn the lesson of the pioneer. They did not learn and they do not know, that every good citizen owes his first endeavor to the town he lives in, that it may be pure, and clean, and healthy, that it may be a pleasure and a blessing to live in it, that its children and youth shall not be led into temptation, that its men and women shall live under equal laws. When you have cared for this, gentlemen and ladies, then and not till then, may you adorn your palaces and improve your gardens, may you take the luxury of your libraries, and the recreation of your music. Your first duty is for the fair and pure and just government of the town in which you live."

Mr. Fordyce had struck his key-note well. Clipsham followed him, who was, as it happened, a special favorite at that moment, with these people. He had just re-

turned from his wedding-tour. There was some banter, which I did not understand, about a speech he should have made the year before, which he had made in the wrong place. The audience understood it and cheered him heartily as he came forward. His speech, like Fordyce's, was on the general matter of the importance of good city government. A man named Jones followed, who had the finally revised list of the School Committee and of the Aldermen, and it was his business to explain it and account for its omissions. He did this in a hemming and hawing sort of way, from different papers he had, very badly arranged. But it was interesting to see that his speech was received quite as cordially as was either of the two orations we had heard. Evidently he was a man whom everybody respected, and it was understood that what he and his committee had to say was not only nearly final but probably right. Evidently also some people were dissatisfied. And to Mary Bell's terror and Mrs. Grattan's they began to ask questions. These ladies thought that such questions were ill-bred and rude, and I observed that they always considered that the men who asked them were morally wrong, and wished to break up society from its foundations. Women are Monarchists of nature. They only try the wild experiment of democracy, as the brave Peruvian princes mounted on Pizarro's stray horses, to show that they can do this also. I tried, without much success, to re-assure my friends, and to explain that these inquirers had their rights in a public meeting, and that if such questions were not put and answered, there was no use in our being there.

"I never said there was any use in our being here," said Mary Bell rather tartly. "I never thought there was. But as the meeting was to be, I wanted to come." Had Napoleon governed that city, by the simple appointment of a Provost-Marshal, and the proclamation of martial law, both of them, at the outset, would not have been displeased.

A "Provost-Marshal" is a ruler of a city who does what he chooses, and "Martial Law" is the law which permits him to do so.

But I on my side with Mrs. Grattan, and Mr. Rossiter on his side with Miss Bell, explained, again, as well as we could, that, if republican government meant anything such interruptions or questions were not only to be permitted but desired. How could we ratify that which we did not explain? To which Mrs. Grattan said in reply, "There should be some one to say what shall be done and what shall not be done. That was the way my grandmother put it, or I believe it was hers. It was in George the King's time, anyway." To which all I could say was that her grandmother's mother was a sad Tory, and that she appeared to be another. To which she did not reply. It was clear enough that on the platform they were neither discouraged nor displeased. When a demand more trenchant than usual was well put in form, "Why did you drop Pasteboard Tom?" you would see an intelligent smile pass from one of the dignitaries to another, as much as to say: "I told you you would get into trouble if you interfered there." But the community has in it an element of Kentucky blood, and, as my friend the Boss had told me, it was trained both to the town meeting of New England and to the barbecue of Kentucky, blended together in all their wild and native frankness. It was interesting and edifying to me to see how simply and frankly and courageously the members of the final committee on nomination took these interpellations. They were never taken by surprise. Indeed, they almost courted questions. It was as if you had brought five "catchers" together on the platform, and invited all the "pitchers" of the town to try their hand with them. The moment one reply was made they would look round, almost eagerly, as if to court another question. When it came, the man who was to reply knew it was his

question, and did not hesitate an instant. Nor did any one else interfere with him. Thus, to that dangerous question about Pasteboard Tom :

"Mr. James B. Stimson, of Ward III, is the person alluded to, I believe. If he is here, he will tell us why he is called 'Pasteboard Tom.' I do not myself know. I do know why I voted against him in committee; and I suppose other gentlemen agreed with me. He was absent from four meetings of the Council last summer without a pair. He has very curious views on the pavement of N street, for he voted for it after Tibbles bid for the contract, when he had voted steadily against it before. I thought, if he wanted to go after buffalo again this summer, he had better go."

Mr. Stimson's friend had taken very little by his motion, for this answer was received with laughter and cheers. But the committee was not always so fortunate.

Quite a large man, dressed much more carefully than the most, stood up on the end of a settee, and when one interpellation had ended, with great dignity said :

"Mr. Chairman"—

All other interpellants stopped; there was a hush, and then a general cry of "Green! Green! Green!"

The chairman recognized Dr. Green with great courtesy.

"Many of the oldest residents are greatly displeased that the name of our esteemed friend, Silas Backup, is dropped from the school committee. I have nothing to say against the very able names on the list put into my hands. They are very good men. But Mr. Backup has experience—long experience. And I shall vote for him. Many others will vote for him." And he sat down.

The committee-man whose business it was stepped forward—this time without a particle of arrogance or of flippancy. All the committee had the greatest respect for Mr. Backup, it seemed—"their venerable friend," as he called him. He remembered himself, and he was no longer young, when Mr. Backup examined him in geography in the old school-house. But there seemed to be an impression, perhaps he might say among the younger teachers, that some rotation in office was desirable, and as Mr. Backup had been in service, as teacher and afterwards as committee-man now for twenty-nine years, a majority of the committee had reluctantly determined to replace the name by that of a younger man—Col. Wintress, of the Fort Plain district. The Fort Plain people had had no member on the committee for five years. But he was instructed to say that, if any dissatisfaction was expressed, the committee wished to refer the change to the meeting, and he asked the chairman to submit it.

"The man is an old fool," said Cordelia Grattan hastily to me. "The book-sellers twist him right round their fingers."

The chairman stepped forward to put the vote, amid rival shouts of "Backup!" "Backup!" and "Wintress!" "Wintress!" I observed that the gentlemen on the platform generally refrained from voting. But the show of hands gave the place to the "old fool" of Mrs. Grattan's vocabulary, three to one.

"Somebody has to be sacrificed," said Rossiter. "If they really wanted to carry Wintress in, they should have nominated Backup, and had Wintress named from the floor."

The ladies, meanwhile, now that they took the notion of the interpellations, were very much interested, and wanted more. Alas! I was afraid that there would be one too many. But I think even Mary Bell had forgotten her fears in the interest of this drama, as new to her as to Mrs. Grattan.

The people, however, had had their little victory over a committee, which, on the whole, they thoroughly confided in, and were not disposed to carry the interpellation.

tions farther. "Shut up!" "Oh, be still!" "Question, Question, Question!" began to interrupt people who asked about candidates, and the interest was decidedly flagging, when, on the platform itself, the terrible William Salter stepped forward, and to the chairman's surprise, clearly enough, addressed him.

"The traitor," said Cordelia Grattan, and for the first time I knew that she knew there was some sort of danger connected with him. I turned to look at Mary Bell. She was no longer leaning forward with eager curiosity. She was resting back, as if faint, on the seat, as pale as the white rose she wore.

Mr. Salter then said, in an easy speech, almost like the address of a lawyer of the first rank, who by some accident finds himself patronizing a judge in an inferior court, that he had waited till the meeting, which he highly respected, should have determined the details of the ticket. The ticket bore many names which he valued. For some of the persons named on it he should vote. But the time had come when the hollow character of the nomination should be exposed, and he was there to express the feelings of those who wished to expose it. Here was all the form of a Town Meeting. Here was all the machinery of a Committee. What was it for? It was all to register the decisions of one man. In a work-shop which he need not name, this man instructed his vassals how they should vote.

"You shut up! Speak for yourself! Hold your jaw! Hush! Hush! Hush! let him go on!"

This from the audience. Mr. Salter was not fluttered. Not he! He said that was the sort of freedom of speech, they would observe, which the myrmidons of their master believed in and permitted. But this was not a gagged meeting, and he was not a man to be frightened. He was saying, when these hirelings broke in, that the whole thing was cut and dried, either in the counting-room on Z Street, or in the palace whose festivities were the marvel of the whole West, or in one or another lodge room, so secret that even an Argus-eyed press could not tell us where their dark councils were held. From these conclaves came out certain decrees, certain instructions, which the people of Tamworth were that night called upon to approve.

By this time there was a dead silence. The attack was wholly unexpected, and there was an intense curiosity to know what it meant and what it was coming to. John Fisher, who was on the very front of the platform, sitting on the outer chair of a row which faced the speakers, so that his profile was before the most of the assembly, sat perfectly still, looking straight in Salter's face. He was, perhaps, a little pale. Salter never turned that way.

He went on, growing nervous, I thought, as he spoke. He never called a cheer, or any token of sympathy from the crowd, but, from first to last, commanded absolute silent attention. He tried to ridicule John Fisher's displays of wealth, but no one laughed. He asked why he did not put his servants, footmen and coachmen as he called them, in livery, and suggested the colors, "black and blue," but no one laughed. I think he was wounded by the failure to draw the help of any of the assembly, perhaps of some on whom he had relied. I think he fired his last shot before he meant.

"And who is this English lord, whose army of body-servants, not in livery, carry his messages, and do their master's will? Whence comes this wealth, which has paid this band to play 'Hail to the Chief,' when he stepped upon this platform, which pays for the roses which the school children throw under his feet? Where does the treasure come from with which he suborns the press, and compels the unwilling scrib-

blers to support, not him, oh no! he is always in the background, but the Slaves of the Lamp and the Ring?

"I will tell you, gentlemen. It is not a week since I came at the secret. For you and I cannot do such things. If poor, mean William Salter, if I should go to a pawnbroker's with a copper ring, and tell him it was gold, and if an ignorant boy took it from me and paid me for it, I should go to the penitentiary. Poor Mike Flaherty was sent to the County-house last week on a less offence. But when John Fisher wants money, his character is above suspicion! When John Fisher's bank account is short, he sends the carriage and servants and bids Madame go to the money-lenders! And Madame takes a pinchbeck gewgaw which no man here would give his daughter, and because it is John Fisher's jewel, the poor boy whom she bids, pays her I know not how many thousands upon it. And when the fraud is exposed, does John Fisher go to the penitentiary? Not much, gentlemen! He comes to this meeting and asks you to vote his ticket. But you will not do it. You will tear it to flinders!"

And like a prophet, he rent the offending paper into shreds and threw them from him in scorn.

Not one cheer, not one word of applause, however. Salter was disconcerted, and said what I think he did not mean to. "There is Mr. Niederkrantz. His boy lent the money. There is John Fisher. Ask either of them if what I say is not true."

Then there was, in one corner, not cheers, but clapping and stamping and pounding of canes. There was a general standing up all over the Hall, to see what would come next. There was a scuffle in one corner, and an excited man with a red head leaped with some difficulty upon the platform from the back of a settee.

The chairman, pale and surprised, called the meeting to order, insisted that people should sit down, while the red-haired man, held back by one or two of the Committee, was shaking his fist across the platform at Mr. Salter's face. This dumb show amused the crowd. There were one or two cries of "Hear him! Hear him!"

So soon as there was any return to silence, I heard Mary Bell say to Cordelia Grattan, "Why, it is Jan Hooft, my Dutch wire-drawer. What in the world has he to do with that viper?"

"Hush, Hush!"

Hooft was still shaking his fist. "I dort I would tell dem vot she did mid de money, you black-horned, black devil! She come mit de money to Maurice Witt, when him vader was dying and you sent de sheriff to put him on de sidewalk. Dot was de first time I seed dem horses you tell on. She paid your man de money, twelve hundred dollar and dirty-two, mit seven cents more, and she paid fifty-two cents to de sheriff for de summons, and de sheriff gave dem cents to my Marie, coz he said it was blood money, you hund, you blackguard, blackguard, dat's what dey call him!"

And greatly relieved, Jan Hooft rushed again toward Salter, but was stopped on his way. The whole assembly howled with delight; some hoping, perhaps, for a personal encounter. "Three cheers for Jan Hooft!" And they gave them with a will. All this time, the poor chairman was pounding and gesticulating. I do not think many persons noticed, as I did, that the man whom Cordelia Grattan pointed out to me as Niederkrantz, irreproachably dressed, by the way, in full evening dress, was stepping across the backs of settees and reached the platform.

Mr. Salter had alluded to him by name.

Other people saw him, and cried, "Niederkrantz, Niederkrantz!" And this hushed the tumult more than the chairman. I looked, not at him, but at Mary Bell. She

was ghastly. I begged her to leave the hall, but she hushed me, crowding her fingers tight upon my arm.

"Mr. Niederkrantz!" said the chairman.

The old gentleman spoke slowly, but very clearly. "The speaker called my name. I will not call him my friend. He said something of a necklace which Mrs. Fisher left in our safe; and that we loaned her a trifle, confidentially, for which she chose to leave the necklace as collateral. It is all true. Does the gentleman think he has a monopoly of lending money for interest? He is mistaken if he does. When the proper time came, she sent us the money, and the necklace, which is of priceless value to her and to her friends, was returned to her. Is there more of the private business of my firm, which Mr. Salter wishes to bring before this meeting?"

But Salter was not there. I had seen him take his hat as soon as Jan Hoofft was hustled from the platform. One or two voices called, "Salter, Salter!" and the chairman said, perhaps with a satirical turn, "Will Mr. Salter come forward?" But there was no William Salter. Every one was talking to every one else. "The incident was exhausted," as the French say. With some difficulty the chairman pounded and screamed through a vote, confirming the nominations, and pledging support at the polls.

And so the meeting was over.

To be continued.

AMONG the items concerning philanthropic work that come to us from time to time from beyond the sea, is now and then one whose appeal is all the more pathetic, because of the writer's struggle to put it in our native tongue. We give it verbatim.—*Eds.*

WORK
FOR ORPHAN-GIRLS FORSAKEN.
STREET MATERDEI, 8.

This beneficent institution, founded in the year 1525, in Venice, by Jerome Emiliani, rich senator, and then saint, has had a long continuation in the most civil cities of Europe.

One of these houses exists in Naples, in the street above mentioned, maintained by the public charity, and directed by Ann Capozzi, directress of different government schools in Naples till the year 1864, but now she turns all her maternal cares to the orphan girls, that she receives, nourishes and educates with a truly love of mother.

The number of these poor, unhappy creatures rises about eighty; among them the greater number are orphan girls of the recent cholera, others are escaped from the catastrophe of Casamicciola, and one of them was taken out from the heap of stones, under which she was remained fifty hours.

All Naples sees with pity and admiration that benefited house where with mutual instruction the school-mistress and the pretty tall girls teach to the little ones all that can make them able to be good lady's maids, house-wives and intelligent work-women in the stitch of hand and machine, in the knit-works, in white-washing, ironing, in kitchen, and in keeping order in a house. She is maintained by the charity philanthropy of noble souls. The directress recommends herself also to you for an offer only and voluntarily, and she is glad to can assure you that charity is not extinguished in this beautiful very noble city, often so much calumniated.

Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

A GENERATION and more has passed since Carlyle wrote, "Man without tools is nothing; with tools he is all," and proceeded to arraign, not only his own countrymen but the civilized world at large, for its blind and stupid disregard of this fact. Average Englishmen he regarded as helpless animals, whose hands could hold the cricket-bat, or the oars, but who faced any emergency demanding their effective use, with a helplessness on which they were even disposed to congratulate themselves. Now and then appeared one who admitted positively that he had singular tastes; enjoyed a turning-lathe and even a pocket-knife, and could, if required, put up a shelf or mend a broken piece of furniture. But the stigma of labor vitiated such taste. A plebeian streak must be in the make-up of the man who used his hands willingly; and deliberately to teach such use to future peers or even to genteel commoners, implied not only wild disregard of all class distinctions, but a recklessness that in New England has formulated itself as "flying in the face of Providence."

New England reached the same conclusion through a very different set of causes. It was only old England after all, the English of the seventeenth century, crystallizing in the colonies and still to be found in what we call Yankeeisms. The English gentlemen, who in spite of hard fortunes, held firmly as might be to English traditions, used their hands because they must, but put aside the habit as prosperity increased and laborers became more plenty. Yankee ingenuity, it is true, through this stress of necessity had become a portion of the race characteristics, and the New Englander still holds the reputation of being able to turn his hand to anything. Yet, this tendency lessened with each generation. The faculty turned toward labor-saving inventions, each year giving more and more machinery, designed, it would seem, to make human handiwork less and less essential, till suddenly an alarm was sounded. It was no longer the machine that was automatic; it was man himself. The machine was the ruler, and man, whom it had been meant to serve, was the servant.

Naturally lovers of their kind aroused at last, though that there was need for alarm seemed preposterous. Only a few uneasy and unpleasant agitators, the type who are never satisfied with things as they are, but demand always that they shall be better than they are, had affirmed that increasing crime and increasing pauperism came, at least in part, from the fact that natural human activity had been superseded by creatures of iron and steel. They proceeded to prove what Bacon first, for England, and Rousseau for France, had demonstrated in full, and what has found very recent expression: "It is through the arts alone that all branches of learning find expression and touch human life. The true definition of education is the development of all the powers of man to the culminating point of action; and this power in the concrete, the power to do some useful thing for man,—this must be the last analysis of educational truth."

This word of to-day was spoken more than a generation ago by Froebel; Comenius and Pestalozzi were of the same mind, and Spencer laid down twenty-five

years ago formulas holding the same truth. Here and there, the grumbler who quoted them, and who demanded a change in our methods of education, found himself listened to with attention, the result appearing in such institutions as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other less known but no less useful attempts to popularize manual training.

Its advocates, reviled as they may have been, have followed the course of history, happier than most history in finding their acceptance and reward while still alive; and not only all over this country, but throughout civilized countries everywhere, manual training is accepted as the only correct method of education; the only way in which we can reduce to practical fact Bacon's aphorism, "Education is the cultivation of a just and legitimate familiarity between the mind and things."

If no other end were in process of being accomplished than the redemption of manual labor from the scorn of the age of slavery, the present rage for industrial training would find ample justification. And when it is discovered that with children of a marked criminal tendency, absorption in work with tools seems an outlet for force that has hitherto had no channel save in crime, it is small wonder that enthusiasm becomes boundless, and manual training is asserted to be the chief regenerating influence of the time.

The results of modern education have not shown themselves so satisfactory as to do away with desire for change in methods. On the contrary, the thoughtful observer has felt more and more painfully the formality, Philistinism, automatism and helplessness of our present system of education, and been forced to admit it to be faulty, unpractical and parrot-like. Whoever has studied the effects of public schools, realizes, very shortly, that they fail utterly in fitting our youth for fulfilling their duties as members of the social and political body; and this is the judgment of some persons who are most closely connected with the system.

It is quite natural then, that the eager advocates of manual training should point to these results as one of the strongest arguments in favor of their theories. Manual training, we are forced to admit, does away with morbidness and encourages a healthy manly tone of thought and action. It dignifies labor and goes far to confer upon it those rights of which it has so long been cheated by lazy unproductive selfishness and cunning. But admitting all this to the full, it is certain that no less a danger is hidden at the heart of this newest form of devotion to the practical. The ideal, once so strong in the forefathers, that "while the tree-stumps were as yet scarcely weather-browned in their earliest harvest fields, and before the nightly howl of the wolf had ceased from the outskirts of their villages, they had made arrangements by which, even in that wilderness, their young men could at once enter upon the study of Aristotle and Thucydides, of Horace and Tacitus, and the Hebrew Bible," has passed from us. A New England mother of that elder day said once to the child, who carried the memory of it into old age, "If God makes thee a good Christian and a good scholar, thou hast all thy mother ever asked of thee."

In spite of herself, the modern mother, bewildered by the exaggerated devotion of the present to the material, the useful and the industrial, feels her hold slipping away from the theoretical and the spiritual.

Such result is almost inevitable. We can see clearly in the light thrown by modern research upon history, that elder nations owed their downfall to their one-sided devotion to mental and social science; and this vision turns us the more strongly toward the utilitarian view of life. Civilization and material well-being are made synonymous, and wisdom, as a necessary portion of any real civilization, is ignored.

Here lies the greatest danger of the present enthusiasm for manual training. Admitted at once, that an uneducated hand is as bad as an uneducated head; that all education should be made objective and should be held in continual contact with the facts of nature and life. It can still follow that head and heart and hand, body and spirit, fail to develop harmoniously.

The merely material education is as one-sided, as unfortunate, as the purely theoretical. Our delight in immediate results, in plainly apparent consequence of effort, blinds us to a need no less vital.

Head has had more than its share. It is heart that needs education; it is will that requires strengthening and purifying. It is spiritual and social forces that must be understood; social and political science that we must know, before the perplexing problems of the day can hope for any reasonable solution. Mere power to deal with tools will never cure the evils of society; and whoever vigorously espouses the cause of industrial education, runs the risk of plunging a generation still deeper into materialism. To educate a man to be most perfectly a man, needs something more than harmonious working of brain and hand, the necessity beyond this, summing itself up in Rousseau's words: "The common profession of man is humanity; and whoever is well-educated to discharge the duties of a man, cannot be badly prepared to fill up any of those offices that have a relation to him."

Let manual training, then, be as thorough as it has been imperfect. Let us admit, as we must if honest, that education, thus far, has meant neither right thinking nor rectitude; that prudence has ruled; a prudence which is simply selfishness deified, and that avarice and greed have well-nigh crushed out honesty.

Industrial training will do much to restore the sense of values, and a simpler method of judging their meaning and relations. Rightly used, it will regenerate the whole social system. Wrongly, it will be merely another impulse in that downward way, toward which we tend more and more fatally, but of which we may still, by a complete educational revolution, make straight paths for our feet.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE POOR RELATIONS?

UNTIL some radical change in the distribution of wealth has taken place,—and this lies in so distant a future that practically it can hardly enter into consideration at all,—not only the poor, but the poor relation, will be always with us. It is not only want from pure incompetency, better known to the New Englander as "shiftlessness," but a type deserving far more pity, and far more difficult to relieve; it is that in which death or disease or sudden calamity may have deprived life-long workers of all means of support, and left them to the care of others; often a grudging and most unwilling care. There are such cases in every family of any size, and every village has its tragedy, usually end-

ing within the walls of the poor-house, and serving as local illustration of the deceitfulness of riches. It is of such a tragedy that Miss Pettibone's opinion, as given below, was expressed. Miss Pettibone, as "Aunt Riah," some of whose views have been chronicled elsewhere, had been friend, counsellor and general adviser to the neighborhood for at least forty of her sixty years, and not only adviser, but general historian and genealogist. The village had been roused to deepest indignation by a story too often known in New England life; the opening of the "poor-farm" doors to a woman, who from early widowhood on had spent her strength in toiling for a family, removed one by one

by death, till only a daughter remained. There was no explaining this daughter's course. It was only certain that she ignored the mother's existence, and that the weary old soul deliberately chose the poor-house rather than appeal to her. It was my fortune to hear Aunt Riah's views of the situation, and the common sense embodied in the putting, may help some perplexed relation to lend a hand more effectually.

"I've been comin' to some conclusion," she said meditatively, pausing for consideration of the heel she was turning. "I've come to plenty before, but this one kind of ciphers out some of the others, and makes one certain what tack to take when folks asks questions about this one and that one that's gone out from the town. I've been settlin' in my own mind for a consid'able spell, that this whole business of goin' off on your own hook has a dretful resky side. Good side, too, but a dretful resky one, an' this is the reason why.

"Down South, where there's just as much human natur as up here, they've got one fashion we haven't. They think a sight of their own kith an' kin, an' what's more, they look out for 'em if it's only a fortieth cousin. Blood's thicker'n water, an' they look out that whoever has a drop of their own blood shan't go to the wall if they can help it. Likely enough there's a stuck-up side to it. You can find a bad side to most anything if you try hard enough. All I say is, that no matter how low down an' good for nothin' a relation gets, they ain't ashamed to put a hand out an' get 'em on their feet somehow. Now, up here, with all our privileges, we ain't up to that, an' we won't be till we stop talkin' so much about individual rights an' begin to look out more for folks all round. You needn't shake your head over there in the corner, Hiram. You know well enough, every New England-born critter takes the bit in its teeth the minute it can go alone, an' off it goes, an' ten to one if it ever turns round again to see how any of the rest are gettin' along, or cares either, whether it ever hears of them agin or not.

"Now I ain't sayin' they should stay at home an' lose their chance, or't they need to come back agin even, unless they choose. But I do say that if every one would make up his mind that he owes something to his family an' to try to live up to it, there'd be a sight less trouble. Folks must fight their own battles, they say, an' you've got to be successful before you git any notice, when, ten to one, the one that hain't succeeded has more of the Christian graces than the one that has. An' suppose they haven't? Folks are willin' enough to give to foreign missions, or root round in the cities 'mongst poor wretches, that, do the most you kin, are poor wretches when you've got through with 'em, an' all the while never thinkin', that if they'd work first amongst their own, an' everybody the same, pretty much the whole world would find 'twas comfortable.

"I say, to spend your money on hospitals an' things, when maybe a near relation wants bread, is a burnin' shame an' a scandalous disgrace. If your own kin can't stand by you, who else can be looked to to do it? It's the business of a family to think about every soul in it. Develop all you've a mind to. I do get sick o' the word sometimes, but it's a good word, an' means a sight more 'n you think; but while you're developin', don't forget that your own kin'd like a chance, too, an' that though you ain't obligated to live with 'em, an' maybe had better not, you are obligated to think as much of 'em as you do of Turks an' Africans, or rag-pickers, an' such like. There's somethin' in the notion of a tribe an' a father at the head of it, on the watch for everybody, from the first-born down to the weakest an' meanest of 'em all, an' we've got to drop into old-fashioned ways agin, or go to smash. 'T won't be utter smash, for I'm sure an' certain the world's doin' better an' better, but it will be nearer smash than there's any need, unless folks open their eyes and see the bearin's of things; an' that's all I've got to say about it."

ON THE HEIGHTS.

CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD, SWITZERLAND.

SEE ! the clouds are climbing from the rivers,
And the mountain tops are all aglow
With the early light, that, glancing, quivers
On the firs that crown the crags below.

Give back my staff, good father ! I remember
When, blind and baffled by the blasts of fate,
And chilled by years that were one long December,
I staggered fainting to thy convent gate.

Can I forget the ministry of healing ?
The cup of wine, the sleep in spotless cell ?
The hand of benediction, the appealing
Of cross, and saint, and shrine, and vesper bell ?

The days of calm, the nights of solemn splendor,
The heights of silence, where e'en murmurs cease,
The spirit's tender and serene surrender
To the incoming of abiding peace ?

Oh ! sweet indeed this rest upon the mountains,
This strength from out the everlasting hills,
This draught of purest life from upland fountains,
This sight of Heaven that all my vision fills.

But, father, here I came through desert dangers ;
I held my breaking staff with bleeding hand,
And left behind me, weary, stricken strangers
Athirst and fainting on the shifting sand.

The desert wells were dry ; my flask was broken ;
Too frail for mine own weakness was my rod ;
The hot skies gave their lifted eyes no token ;
No rain-cloud answered to their cry to God.

They pilgrims, too, alas ! with none to love them ;
Their spent lives languished, while God quickened mine ;
Rain fell for me,—the heavens were brass above them ;
I only reached the mountain, gained the shrine.

True, they were spared my weary, weary climbing.
 My battling with the tempest and the cold ;
 But, oh ! good father, they have missed the chiming
 Of my sweet bells, my Shepherd and my fold.

E'en here, on these cool steep, hot throbs of anguish
 Repeat in mine own veins their pulse of pain ;
 I, too, beneath the desert-fever languish ;
 Their striving drowns my peace, their loss my gain.

Their hunger robs my daily bread of sweetness,
 Their moans thread sadly my triumphant psalm,
 Let me go down to share in its completeness
 Their woe, or lift them up to share this calm.

Oh, idle rest, while dearer souls are straying !
 Oh, selfish joy, while these are unforgiven !
 Oh, vanity of vague and voiceless praying !
 If but for this our stained souls were shriven.

Nay ; let me tarry on the heights no longer.
 Round purer heart I wrap the pilgrim dress ;
 In purer touch the trembling staff is stronger ;
 My face is steadfast toward the wilderness.

To help the helpless, strengthen those who falter,
 To lead to light the sorrowing and blind,
 To reach once more some sacred mountain altar ;
 But not to leave the weaker ones behind.

Should such sweet grace to my rude hands be given
 To bind up wounds, to lift the stricken up ;
 Each sufferer shall see the smile of Heaven
 Outshining on him from the healing cup.

And should I perish by the way, another
 Will surely struggle up to where I rest ;
 By mantle, scrip, and staff will know a brother,
 And, by this little cross upon my breast,

Will know my soul has dwelt in peace up higher,
 Will take my little store of oil and wine,
 And, quickened by the glow of inward fire,
 Mount e'en to heavenly heights beyond my shrine.

TOILERS OF THE CITY.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

MISS WOLFE used to say that, in her case, the prayer of righteous Agur had been answered, as she had neither poverty nor riches. Her inherited income was large enough to enable her to make her home in a comfortable apartment-house and to furnish new dresses before her old ones became noticeably shabby; while her salary as City Missionary provided her with the means of indulging, to some extent, in the luxury of doing good. Her friends, the Nevilles, who occupied rooms in the same house with her, and at whose table in the adjoining restaurant she always had her place, complained that she was too busy a woman to make a satisfactory neighbor. "You don't give us our share of your time," said Lou Neville to her one day. "I was saying to mamma only yesterday that you only condescend to visit people who live in tenement-houses."

"There you were mistaken," returned Miss Wolfe. "I went this morning to see Mrs. Horton, and I am sure *she* does not live in a tenement-house."

"Went to see Mrs. Horton, did you? Well, I wouldn't have counted her among your—your patients, or whatever you call them, certainly."

"I went to Mrs. Horton's on a begging expedition. I wanted a pair of Charlie Horton's shoes."

"Well, you *are* a brave beggar! Mrs. Horton has such a way of sailing in and out of church; and she and her children dress so like the Solomon family in all their glory, that I shouldn't dare to go near them."

"That was the very reason why I went. The children have such a spick and span look that I knew there would be plenty of cast-off shoes and other wearables in the

house. I had missed little Johnny Staples from Sunday School and when I went to look him up, and a long way up it was, too, five flights of stairs in a tenement-house, his mother informed me that she could not let a child of hers go bare-footed to Sunday School. 'I'm real sorry, ma'am,' said she, 'but I can't afford to buy shoes for him, even at the second-hand shop. You see his father sprained his ankle three weeks ago, and ain't done a stroke of work since. Before then we done well enough, as he was big and strong and could always git work of one sort or another; but since he has been laid up, we have nothing to depend on but what Annie earns. That is little enough, dear knows, though she works at them roses and pinks from five o'clock in the morning till late at night.'

"Can Annie be a florist?" thought I, as I glanced around the room.

"She ain't in here, ma'am," said Mrs. Staples, answering my glance. "She is in the next room. If she stayed in here the children would hang around her, and maybe finger her work with sticky fingers, and spoil it. You can go in and see her if you like. She can talk and work at the same time unless it is something awful particular she is doing."

"I accepted the invitation, and found the daughter in an inner room, little larger than a good-sized closet, lighted by a window which I suppose Mrs. Staples had no time to clean. Annie was a tall slip of a girl, about sixteen years old, pale and round-shouldered. Across her lap lay a long piece of silk-velvet, stamped with patterns for slippers, and on the table beside her was a great pile of bright-colored silks.

"What pretty work!" said I. "I wish I had some of it to do myself, and time in which to do it."

"Yes, this is a pretty pattern," she replied, "but there is so much work in it that I cannot finish more than a dozen pairs to-day, and I shall have to sit up till eleven o'clock to do that."

"You don't mean to tell me," said I, "that you can work a dozen pairs of slippers in one day?"

"Yes, ma'am, I can," replied she; "that is, when I can get myself waked up early enough."

"And what are you paid for them?" asked I.

"Seventy-five cents a dozen for this kind. Those without so much work on them are fifty cents a dozen, and there are some that are only thirty cents a dozen; but they don't often give me that kind, as I am a pretty good worker."

"For whom do you work?" asked I.

"For Madame X—, on East Y St.," she replied. "You must have noticed her place, if ever you passed that way. It has large windows, filled with different designs for lace-work and embroidery."

"I had noticed the place; and I had seen Madame X— herself, sweeping through her show-room, with a dozen rings on her gouty-looking fingers, any one of which must have cost more than Annie received for a year's hard work. It was useless, though, to mention such facts to Annie, so I only said that I had seen the place,

and then went on to remark that she, (Annie,) was the most skillful embroiderer I had ever seen—no great praise, by the way, as, until then, I had seen amateurs only. After watching her motions a little while, I went back to the other room, where, before leaving, I took a good look at little Johnny's bare feet. I judged that Charlie Horton's shoes would fit them, and so they did."

"Mrs. Horton gave them, then?"

"Of course she did! And seemed to feel grateful to me for mentioning the matter. When well-to-do people mean well, it is a charity, sometimes, to let them know how they may dispose of their superfluities—that is, how they may do so with discretion. And before I left I increased Mrs. Horton's obligations to me. We were speaking about her painting—she is a great dabbler in water-colors—and she showed me a design of a pair of slippers, and a most elaborate affair it was. 'The slippers are for my mother,' said she, 'and if I had time I would work them myself; but, as it is, I shall have to send them to Madame X—.'

"Don't send them to Madame X—, or to Madame Any One Else," said I. "Do away with the middle-woman for once!"

"Then I told her about Annie Staples, and the consequence was that for working one pair of slippers Annie will receive fifty cents instead of six cents and a-half; and Mrs. Horton's mother ought to prize them all the more for it."

CRIMINAL GEOGRAPHY.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

Thus far in our story as a people, the generations have been too swallowed up in the activities which have made our present civilization, to spend much time in researches into any facts bearing upon the increase of crime. The early days

held so stern a discipline, not only from the individual members of the struggling colonies, but from the forces of nature itself, climate, soil and seasons being all factors demanding the full power of who ever coped with them, that small time

or energy was left for the accomplishment of evil deeds. When every man was engaged in hand to hand conflict with nature for bare subsistence, crime resolved itself chiefly into heretical freaks in belief, or an occasional protest against blue laws. With the gradual taming and subduing of these forces, increasing prosperity and its accompanying desire for greater ease and relaxation, brought in its train the offences of civilization, and immigration in time brought in the wilder elements, and made crime a larger factor than had been dreamed of, even as a possibility.

Even to-day, with the optimism which has become a fixed characteristic of the American people, we are strongly disposed to overlook, or ignore altogether, the statistics gathered by workers here and there, which open up a vista no man's eyes desire to penetrate. The older civilizations, with the evil tendencies of centuries, naturally offer a crop of unpleasantly suggestive figures, but we have no occasion for charts of criminality, for speculations on climatics and thermic theories in general, or even for any serious attempt to search out the underlying causes of criminality. Here and there, some student of social problems pleads for a hearing, given, as in poor Dugdale's case, more readily after death than while in life. Living, he was merely an agitator; one of the uncomfortable company of those who decline to believe in the creed of *laissez faire*, or that things will always and necessarily take care of themselves, and whose clear-eyed sense of danger is scouted as mere causeless apprehension.

For generations, social sores were not obtrusive enough to call for more than the simplest methods of alleviation, and when the time came that actual gangrene had set in, and the deadly infection was spreading in all directions, we had become too wedded to soothing plasters and poultices to even think of sterner methods. Even now, in the great Boards of Associated Charities, what proportion of the workers

are eager to study causes, or realize that much is needed beyond mere alleviation? For this, there is always time, always energy; but the quiet consideration of causes, the faithful, patient labor to understand, demands a type of energy, capacity for which is practically unawakened.

This is not carping. No one recognizes more thoroughly than the writer, the nobility of the work already accomplished, and the nobility of purpose that has made it possible. But cold and hard as it may sound to the enthusiastic worker, there is a science of criminality, taking partial form with us, but defined most thoroughly by French and German statisticians. A slight attempt is under way in America, and finds place in certain State reports, and in a few that have come out under the auspices of the Board of Education at Washington; but actual charts and maps, and clear presentation of the subject as a whole, are yet to come. Admirable work has been done in Italy, a country so overshadowed by nearer interests that we have only the most partial knowledge of the immense steps she has taken toward fresh life, or what a resurrection of something better than her old power, is under way.

If any one is disposed at this point to take the ground that American conditions are distinct and individual, and that work bearing upon methods abroad can hardly apply to methods here, it may be answered that our criminal class is made up in large degree of foreigners, and that, even if this were not so, human nature is much the same the world over. The theory that defines a tendency in one zone, will have at least partial application in another, and as our doors stand open to all nationalities, we must accept the obligations that come with this fact, and prepare not only for the study of our own criminal types, but the types of all humanity. Why should not every Board of Associated Charities have in connection with it, a class or committee, apart from the more directly practical workers, whose business should be the

careful study of what may be called Criminal Geography? Thus far, as before said, the best work in these lines is in French. German and Italian, but one or more of these languages are always now common property, and there is already a growing interest in the more theoretical side of social questions, that would make some enthusiasm in the beginning an assured fact. In the face of the upheavals, the mutterings and deep-rooted discontent of classes that are not criminal, yet are constantly reacted upon by those below, we dare not turn away from a search, that demands from us now, to-day, all the power we have to give. The social problem is the problem of the hour. The phases are myriad, but the time has come when each one must be grappled with. Till we know causes, till tendencies and their story are plain, all work must be one-sided, imperfect, uncertain. In one form or another, social science demands

the attention of every earnest-minded man or woman. It is not necessary that each should undertake a mastering of all lines. On the contrary, coöperation and association are as essential here as in the administration of charity. Each member of a class might well have his or her specialty, bringing into the common fund all results of research, the more minute and patient, the better. A library, not only of statistics, but reports of every nature, is a possibility now for every student of these problems, and a union of forces could easily mean in time, a collection indispensable to the worker and valuable in itself. Knowledge must go hand in hand with faith and works. If it does not, and too often, thus far, we have preferred divorce, any progress is merely apparent, not real. To know is an even more essential factor than to feel, and the truest knowledge will mean forever, the only action that holds genuine vitality.

NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

THIS organization, that recently held its exhibition at which the handiwork of children from sixty schools was represented, has since held its annual meeting and reported encouraging progress along all its lines of work. What that work is will best be seen by those unfamiliar with it, by a glance at the statement reprinted below.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

GEN. ALEX. A. WEBB, *Pres.*
MISS GRACE DODGE, *Vice-Pres.*

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Committee on Finance.
Committee on Books and Printing.
Committee on Industries, with sub-committees on
Household Industries,
Mechanical Industries,
Industrial Arts,
Bureau of Teachers,
Plans for outside Organizations,
Vacation Schools.

Committee on Kindergartens.
Committee on Industries for Reformatories and Orphanages.
Committee on Industries for the Insane.
Committee on House and Training of Servants.

OFFICE, 21 University Place.

MISS JANE P. CATTELL, *General Secretary.*

TRAINING SCHOOL, 54 East Eleventh Street.

MISS H. R. BURNS, *Superintendent.*

THE Industrial Education Association was organized two years ago. Its object is to promote the cause of manual and industrial training: by disseminating information relating to it; by securing its introduction into schools of all grades; by training teachers and organizing classes in special branches. The work of the Association is entrusted to the committees named above, which have been formed to meet the needs of the specific work assigned to each. What has been accomplished thus far may be briefly indicated.

Through the office much valuable information has been obtained, and a large correspondence maintained. Toronto, Canada, owes the impulse of a successful movement in favor of industrial education to a normal class held under our auspices. Similar classes have

been held in other cities, and classes in domestic economy have been introduced into several well-known young ladies' schools outside of New York city, while the Industrial Education Association of New Jersey is a promising off-shoot from the parent society.

The classes taught during the past winter under the auspices of the Association have included a total of 1,994 pupils, and the benefits of the wide influence thus extended can hardly be estimated.

The introduction of "kitchen garden" or little house-keepers' classes into mission schools, orphan asylums and tenement houses; the development of a system of sewing, under which teachers have been carefully trained and sent out to mission schools and to public and private schools; the formation of classes in domestic economy in the leading private schools of New York city, and the introduction of the same practical teaching into Working Girls' Clubs and Girls' Friendly Societies, are some of the means employed. Still another is the opening of a Training School at 54 East Eleventh Street, where classes in industrial drawing and clay modeling, in sewing, "kitchen garden," cooking and domestic economy are crowded almost beyond their capacity by children who come from the public schools on Saturday and after school hours. A daily kindergarten, morning classes for ladies in some of the above practical branches, and evening classes for girls employed during the day are likewise held. A training school for servants is also established in connection with this house, where girls are thoroughly trained in all departments of domestic service.

While practical work is thus vigorously prosecuted, the Association emphasizes most strenuously the importance of its work as a bureau of information, and in rousing public sentiment in favor of handicraft or manual training. Active coöperation from principals and teachers in both public and private schools, the sympathy of the press, and the support of public-spirited citizens indicate the success of our efforts.

Careful investigation of methods of industrial training suited for introduction in reformatories, orphanages and asylums, is preparing the way for helpful suggestions to those eagerly seeking light upon this important phase of philanthropic work; while the same methods applied to industries for the insane, present a field of effort in which we can render efficient aid to those interested in the care of this class. The preparation of teachers of industrial branches, the formation of vacation schools, and of classes for boys, and the development of schemes for industrial training in neighboring towns and villages, claim thoughtful attention and immediate effort. The possibilities of the work before the Association are limited only by the funds and resources at command of the workers.

The size and character of the audience at the above meeting indicated the wide and growing interest aroused upon this subject, and the addresses by eminent educators and others, considered the topic ably in both its moral and industrial aspects. The limits of our space forbid such copious extracts as we should like

those of our readers who were not present to see. Ready attention and interest seem waiting for the ripest thought upon this subject, and many questioning minds are looking toward it as offering a possible solution to some of the vexing social problems of the day.

Rev. Geo. L. Chaney of Atlanta, Ga., (formerly of Boston,) said among other things.

"I have found it difficult to know whether to approach this question from its industrial or its educational side, so many and such pressing considerations come upon us as we view its relation to the character of the people and to their prosperity. I was first led to this subject from its moral aspect. No man in my profession, whose bell is kept ringing from morning till night by people who are in a hopeless state of misery, because they never were taught to do anything that anybody wanted to have done, can lose sight of the moral aspect of industrial education. 'Could you do work like this before you came here?' asked a visitor to one of our penitentiaries of a convict in its workshop. 'No,' he replied, bitterly; 'if I could I would never have been here at all.' Of 220 who became inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison in one year, 147 had no trades, and only 22 could even read and write. These are the facts that make us feel that, as friends of the well-being of the community in which we live, this subject has its claims upon us."

The Hon. Parke Godwin said:

"The importance of this industrial education to children is that these little fingers are not going to forget their cunning: the facility given them is a possession forever. In the 'Conservatory of the Practical Arts,' in Paris, where the Parisian workmen learn the delicate skill that distinguishes their work, more can be learned by simply walking through the galleries, and actually seeing the wonderful collection of mechanical appliances that mark the advance of practical art, than by long poring over books."

Mr. James MacAllister, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, was the next speaker:

"Perhaps no class of people are more afraid of this question than the school-masters themselves, owing to the fact that, for want of a better term we are obliged to call what we are trying to do 'industrial training,' and that seems to look away from the school and the teacher. But the training of the masses of the people is every day passing more and more into the hands of the public school teacher. Even the moral training of the community, to a great extent, devolves upon the public schools, and the prosperity and energy of the nation depends greatly on the kind of education you put into them. The reconciliation of the elements of capital and labor can only be found in the schools. Until labor is dignified by being made intelligent we

shall have these disturbances that now threaten the peace of society. The idea of the working class is that no lady sews; no lady knows anything about her kitchen. Mothers come to us in our sewing schools and say we are trying to make seamstresses of their daughters; and the average ambition of the laboring man for his boy is that he should go to Congress, be a lawyer, a doctor, or anything but labor as his father has done. In Philadelphia we have 25,000 girls who are being instructed in sewing, and coördinate with the High School is the Manual Training school, where our boys go to be fitted to overcome the difficulties that may come into their lives as 'bread-winners.' At the bottom of the whole system we have 28 free Kindergartens, costing \$24,000 per annum,—paid by public and private donation. \$60,000 a year is spent by Philadelphia in the education of her school children. The philosophy of whatever you teach is, that it must be something you can put your mind into, and out of which you can get something. When we can teach sewing, modeling in clay, blacksmithing, carpentering,

etc., so that they can be practically applied, we have succeeded in this. I have seen boys take fire and wake up under this training as they never before had done, and while some boys will take fire by being taught Latin and Greek, there is a great class of minds that can be reached best through the mechanical faculties. Manual training is mental training, perhaps, even more than in the old way."

Mr. Seaver then explained how manual training was first introduced into this country by the Boston Institute of Technology. This first school was founded on Russian models, and soon had imitators in St. Louis and Chicago.

"The spread of this industrial work in other cities," continued the speaker, "encourages me to hope greater things for Boston even than she has done. We have not as many girls, all told, in Boston, as the 25,000 spoken of in Philadelphia schools, but I can say that seven-eighths of the Boston girls go to the public schools and get their education there, passing through the three grades where sewing is systematically taught."

NOTES ON CONGRESSIONAL INDIAN LEGISLATION.

AT our last review of the course of Indian legislation, the Indian Appropriation Bill had just come under discussion in the House. As usual, it afforded opportunity for the airing of sentiment on the Indian question. Early in the debate, Mr. Throckmorton, of Texas, raised the old-time and now effete war-whoop. "Let the Indians be placed under army rule." He took and printed as the motto of his speech. "Let us be just and merciful to our own blood before we waste millions for the education of a savage race, when, at the most, it can accomplish little good." This speech seems to have been received by the House with as little patience as it deserved, and it was ably answered by Mr. Wellborn, of Texas, who characterized it as full of egregious misstatements, showing lamentable ignorance of Indian affairs. Neither on the ground of economy nor fitness could army rule of Indians be sustained.

The chief interest of the debate concentrated itself in the attack on the Eastern Industrial Indian Schools: Hampton,

Carlisle, Philadelphia, etc. Last year, a special Commission, consisting of Messrs. Holman, Cannon, Ryan and others, was appointed to investigate Indian affairs. When the usual appropriation for the Eastern Industrial Schools was reached, the Commission opened fire with a terrible bomb, which subsequently, however, proved to be cracked. The bomb contained this deadly element,—the Commission "had not found a single instance where the pupils returned from these Eastern Schools had not lapsed into barbarism, and become worse than before they went, with the exception of the few employed by Government,"—and hints were thrown out, touching the horrors of "kidnapping" for these schools. The honorable members of the Commission seemed to have been oblivious of the fact that *others*, equally capable of investigating Indian affairs, had gone over the same ground and arrived at *diametrically opposite results*. These other non-Congressional, through the interposition of Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, responded with *their* fire, and with most

humiliating defeat of the honorable Commission, who became suddenly aware that they had been shadowed, noticeably by two ladies, Miss Elaine Goodale and Miss Ludlow, whose *facts* they were utterly powerless to meet. But vengeance must fall on some one or somewhere, and Captain Pratt, Superintendent of the Carlisle School, was singled out for complete destruction,—his name and salary to be forever blotted out from Indian Appropriation Bills! And the result? All honor to the unswerving sense of justice in the Senate, and to the repentance of the House, the Eastern Indian Schools *got their appropriations*, and Captain Pratt was restored and his salary untouched. The Indian Appropriation Bill passed May 3d, the amount being \$5,546,262.84. This is the only item of perfected Indian legislation that has found its way through the present Congress to the date of our writing.

Of bills pending in the House which have passed the Senate, are Dawes' Sioux Bill, Dawes' Land Allotment and Citizenship Bill, Dawes' Mission Indians Bill, and certain Railroad Bills, all of which are set down for May 29th, *et seq.*

To carry out the suggestion of the President in his Inaugural Address, Mr. Holman, of Indiana, has called up in the House the "Bill to provide for the appointment of a Commission to inspect and report on the condition of Indians, Indian affairs, etc." It is "intended to cover the whole field of Indian affairs in all details of administration. . . . to supersede all other individual Commissions . . . and to be composed of six members, three from the army and three from civil life." The Bill as presented, confers extraordinary powers upon the Commission and "every line bristles with danger." Among these was the power to act independently of Congress, as e. g., to remove Indians, provided only the Secretary of the Interior gave consent. On this the promoters of the bill made

a vigorous stand, but they were signally defeated by the Amendment of Mr. Cutcheon:—

"That the said Commission shall annually report to the Secretary of the Interior, what legislation, if any, the Commission recommends to be enacted for the civilization or otherwise affecting the Indian tribes; and the Secretary of the Interior shall lay the same before Congress at the beginning of each Congress."

Thus the Commission is made responsible to the nation.

Whoever may have the honor of belonging to this Commission, it is to be hoped will take warning from the unfortunate episode above alluded to, and will bear in remembrance that there is a Women's National Indian Association, counting in its ranks some of the most able and prominent women in the country, an Indian Rights Association, and Indian Associations throughout the land, which are *already* sufficiently acquainted with the "condition of Indian affairs" to know that just legislation for the Indian needs no delay. It has been more than hinted that one purpose of this Commission may be to indefinitely *postpone* righteous legislation for Indians. With a field so vast before them, how far in the distant future must we look for a Report? Meanwhile, are the oppressions and ignominious treatment of a whole race of human beings, needing and demanding freedom within the borders of the United States, to continue?

The Puyallup Indians have now obtained the patents for their lands, so mysteriously withheld by the late administration.

The Indians of Round Valley, Cal., have been awarded lands in severalty by the Senate.

The Oklahoma question has again been before the House, Mr. Hill having called up the Bill H. R. 7217, "to provide for the organization of the Territory of Oklahoma." By this measure, the whole Indian Territory is to be created into a temporary government, by the name of the Territory of Oklahoma, with the provision that no patent rights of Indians

shall be impaired without their consent. The districts embraced by it comprise,

1. The Public Land Strip, 3,672,640 acres, at present in dispute between Texas and the United States.

2. The so-called territory of Oklahoma, purchased from the Creeks and Seminoles in 1866, containing 1,880,500 acres.

3. The Cherokee Strip, 6,022,855 acres, making a total of 12,000,000 acres.

The latter two were acquired for a special purpose; viz., "the settlement of friendly Indians and freedmen," not *any* freedmen, but the freedmen who once had been slaves of the Indians.

Mr. Baker, of New York, in opposing

the measure, characterized it as a "monstrous wrong," overriding existing rights in Indian Territory, and uncalled for by the alleged emergencies of the country. The advocates of the bill aver that "the lands are needed for homes for the homeless." Hear Mr. Baker's statistics:—"The area of *public lands* subject to be disposed of and surveyed, July 1, 1885, is 250,590,684 acres. Is there," he asked, "an immediate necessity of forcing the five civilized tribes of Indian Territory to a voluntary consent to give up to the white settlers the homes 'guaranteed them and their heirs forever' by the United States?" The bill lies over for further discussion.

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE President of the Maine Auxiliary, Mrs. M. E. Frye, has recently organized branch societies at Auburn, Bath, Augusta and Bangor. The State Association at Portland has forwarded a barrel of useful articles to the Mexican Kickapoos, as the stations of the Women's National Indian Association are at present promised what is needed. This Association hopes to raise \$250 for the treasury of the parent Society the present year.

The Massachusetts Indian Association is actively at work, and proposes to do further organizing and to swell its former gift of \$500 to the general treasury to \$2,000 for the current year.

The Albany Indian Association has published its annual Report and is moving steadily forward in work.

The new Association at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, under the leadership of the wife of Bishop de Schweinitz, is busily engaged in preparing clothing and sewing for the mission stations of the National society. The Philadelphia Association also has recently sent a box of supplies to its station at Rosebud, Dakota.

The Misses White and Boorman have reached the new mission station of the society at Round Valley, California, and news is soon expected from them.

This is the season when all friends of Indians should rally for the moral and financial support of the Indian schools at Hampton, Carlisle and Philadelphia. An appreciative and just public should not permit these to suffer nor their devoted leaders to retire from work which they have made such a success. The imperative demand for these schools, is not only for the interest of the Indians, but as a demonstration, here in the East where Congress can conveniently witness the proofs of Indian ability and the success of Indian education.

General appropriations for Indian education should be steadily increased, and this need calls for constant expression on the part of all friends of the cause.

The new magazine, LEND A HAND, is everywhere growing in favor, and the names of new subscribers are constantly coming in from the branch associations of the Women's National Indian Association.

Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down : —
Look forward and not back : —
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

THE interest attached to the original "Harry Wadsworth" by the members of the Wadsworth clubs leads the editor to print here an account of him, which Mr. Hale wrote in 1868. This was the origin of the book, "Ten Times One is Ten," which contains the story of Harry Wadsworth.

"I look back on the life of a friend," (this friend was Frederic William Greenleaf, of Worcester,) who lived his short life, and died, alas, too soon as we say, when I was yet young. He was, I suppose, as young. The first time when, in my own church, I broke the bread of the Lord's table, he came up from his seat, in our informal practice there, and took the symbols from my hand and carried them from one to another of our little company. It seems impossible now, but, until that time, I hardly knew him.

Four years afterward he died, hardly thirty years of life given him in this world. Yes. But in these years, he showed to us around him what life in the spirit is, nay, what spirit is, what it is to live like a man without being slave to the body or bewildered by the mind. This side St. Paul, I have heard no man speak words which made spiritual existence so real. So he moved among us, and so he died.

Yes. And what did this man do? Do? He lived like God's child. And so the rest of us knew and know better what God's child is, and what God is. That is seventeen years ago. But, year after year, since then, I have stumbled upon one person and another, who speaks to me of that young man, as the mediator to him of a higher life. Once, I remember, it was a hard working widow, a beggar, with whom his acquaintance began when she came for chips to the yards of the railroad where he was an officer. Once, I remember, it was one of our more distinguished preachers, who had seen some of his letters to a sister, who lived at a distance from his home. Once again, it was one of your driving men of affairs, of whom people think that they have no time to think of Heaven, because they do not care to preach, while they count up units and tens. Once again, it was far away in the wilderness, where I met a companion of his boyhood. And so on, from one and another and another. I have heard the same grateful acknowledgment of what they owed to him, and I knew that in my own little measure I could understand what they owed to the unconscious power of a life so true and pure.

I once told Dr. Wayland, the President of Brown University, the story I have thus told here. I told him that I could easily write out the spiritual biography of light on ten persons, who would tell us, in their different lines of life, of the blessing they had received from their intercourse with this manly, cheerful, energetic and faithful man. I told him that I had been tempted to go farther, and to imagine the after progress which might come if each of these ten went and did likewise; if then, at some meeting of their friends, the whole circle of grateful companions, quickened and sublimed through the spiritual interest of such a life, should make themselves into a Christian order, bound, every one of them,—every one of the hundred,—to enlist ten others in the

Life Divine. I told him that here was the plan for a Christian Romance. The thousand, thus quickened, in their turn would be shown to give new life to ten thousand, that ten thousand to a hundred thousand, and so to a million. And it would not, in such multiplication, require many years to lift up this whole world from the material grovelling of its infancy, to the true, spiritual life of men who walk with God.

Of such a life, of course, the victory is in its unconsciousness. He did his honorable work, forwarded freight, made passengers comfortable, encouraged deserving workmen, let no young man pass him who was not the better for his counsel, his example, or his love. And, in the host of heaven, this day, he would blush and be annoyed if any one told him he had been of any use, more than was of course, in hastening the kingdom.

The plan, therefore, of a Christian romance which should make an order of Christian men and women, pledged to each other to effort in bringing spiritual life into the lives of those around them, fails in the very outset, because it loses the unconscious simplicity, which is the central charm of such pure lives. If you choose to follow the diverging and extending influence of a life as pure and as spiritual as this, I believe you had better imagine yourself looking on the recording angel's account, than on the work of any human historian. I can imagine his own mother, in the range of heaven's happiness, following the control and enlarging empire of her son's true life; and keeping record of its triumphs such as he never knew.

[After telling one of the stories of Mr. Greenleaf's influence, which is, in substance, repeated in the first chapter of $10 \times 1 = 10$, Mr. Hale continues thus:]

Take a date three years after the death of such a man. Take human life as you and I see it in America. The people are moving hither and thither, they change their callings as easily as they change their homes. Such a recording angel as I have imagined looks down upon this country, we will say, and no farther, to see where are those on whom this young man acted for blessing in his life.

Here is a village far north in the wilderness. An iron mine in the heart of the town, a foundry gives it all its life. A cluster of pretty houses surrounds the lake that feeds the waterfall which drives the forge. Through the woods there run the paths, dignified as "roads," by which the ore and the charcoal, and, from the south, the supplies of the little settlement are hauled in by patient oxen. Sometimes a charcoal burner's hut breaks the loneliness of the forest; sometimes a log-cabin, but these are few and far between. Suppose you are here on Sunday. I was. The bell of the foundry rings, red-shirted wood-cutters and brown-shirted foundrymen appear from the forest paths on one side and another, and you all follow the sound of the bell to the carpenter's shop in the second story of the great warehouse. There are two carpenter's chests, one above another, and on the upper one a Bible. On one side of the room are twenty men and women with old Handel and Haydn singing books. Somebody who can read, reads the Bible. Somebody who is not afraid to pray in audible words, offers prayer. Red-shirted men, happy children and bright women join in singing. Somebody makes an exhortation to a higher life than that of mere smelting and charcoal-burning. Then all of us, on a higher plane than we were, go down stairs, and stray out by the lakeside, and sit, perhaps, on the gunwale of a boat, and think, it may be, of another lakeside, of another boat, of another carpenter's shop, and of another upper chamber. And you are tempted to ask that woman who watches her children so happily, as her husband carries one and leads another that they may all sit in the stranded boat together, what is the secret of this Arcadian life.

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She is cheerful to-day, but there are the lines of care on her face, perhaps she looks back upon old trials.

"Ah!" she says in a half whisper, "this place used to be a living hell, when the works were first open. I lived here, years upon years, when there was no happy child here, no cheerful mother, no manly men. But one day, that man yonder came here, with his wife, and that man who played the flute up-stairs came with his. And since then the change began. My husband there, God bless them both, is most changed of all, perhaps."

And who are these two miracle-workers? They are two playmates in boyhood, two friends through life, of the man whose history we are tracing. And they will tell us in turn, that out of the manliness of his manhood, the dignity of his life, as out of the lessons they all shared in childhood, they are what they are.

I could take another scene in the heart of Georgia, in a line of life wholly different, with the surroundings all changed, where we should see, another picture of unconscious influence, as high and noble, coming, perhaps, more directly from the same man.

I think I could take the life of one man, now working out the majestic miracles of modern trade, on a scale as large, perhaps, as any one man whom we here could name. I mean by that, the life of a man who orders as many workmen, rewards the intelligence of as many faithful servants, yes, holds in his hand the destinies of as many different lives as any one could name, and I think that man would say to us that he owed impulse, insight and direction to the word and influence of this same friend.

Or I could go into the very humblest chamber of poverty. I could ask you to sit with me by a poor, shattered woman, whose husband has died, whose nearest friends have died before her eyes, whose own life has not one circumstance to make it bright or happy, whose toil is the hardest, and its recompense the meanest, and that woman, in the bleakness of her life, would say that she owed impulse, insight and directness to the word and influence of this same friend.

It was from the suggestion thus made that, at the earnest advice of a young friend, Mr. Hale wrote out the story called "Ten Times One is Ten," from which the four mottoes are taken, and out of which the various clubs of that order have grown.

GOOD WILL CLUB.

MONDAY night I went down to the boys' meeting as usual. They had a business meeting to elect new members. Any boy who behaves himself can come to the rooms Monday evenings, but to be a regular member of the "Good Will Club" and take books out of the library, with some other privileges, they must be voted in, and no one is eligible if he smoke, drink, chew, swear, or behave badly toward his parents. There was a great discussion over one boy who was suggested as a member, for some of the boys said that he smoked, and one said with emphasis, "He does smoke, for I *seen him*." When another name was up, some one said he was a colored boy,—whereupon a whole chorus of voices shouted, "That ain't no matter, he's just as good as we," and he was voted in. The principal trains them to do everything in as parliamentary a manner as possible, and they are very orderly in their business meetings.

THE PHELPS CHAPEL CLUB, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 29, 1886.

THE "Lend a Hand Club" of Phelps Chapel, in New York, started in the year 1883 with ten members on its roll, and up to the present date we have thirty-two. Meetings are held every other Saturday evening during the winter, with an average of eighteen members present. Our members consist mostly of young men, ages ranging from fifteen to twenty.

Our meetings are very similar to those of the other "Lend a Hand" clubs, the first part of the evening being devoted to any necessary business, the latter to literary and social exercises.

Our business includes reports of the work done by committees. At every meeting a committee is appointed to do some helpful work during the two weeks, which they report at the next meeting.

We do such work for the Phelps Chapel as to decorate it at Christmas and other religious feasts, and at other times gather in new members for the Sunday School.

At one Christmas, the club gave a Christmas-tree, each member inviting one poor child, who received a present.

A few instances of our work for the past year are: Giving shoes to a poor woman through the Charity Organization Society, toys for a crippled boy, scrap-books sent to the "Home for the Friendless," lodging-house tickets given to homeless men, employment found for boys through our Employment Committee, a box of magazines sent to the "Lend a Hand" club at Hampton, and sending a dozen children to Palmyra, N. Y., last summer, through the N. Y. Tribune Fresh Air Fund.

The club gave its third annual entertainment at Phelps Chapel, February 25,

1886, talent being mostly composed of the members of the club.

A meeting for the parents was held on New Year's Eve, when the members gave an entertainment.

Flowers and medicine have been sent to sick people.

I have been asked to say what the club has done for its members. One result has been the friendships formed through it. The boys keep together summer and winter, and everybody knows them as the "Lend a Hands." They are often asked to attend social gatherings, and to help with the entertainment or the singing.

I think the club has made the members more manly in their character, and kept them together in their Sunday School class at the Chapel. It has kept us out of harm's way, and it has given us pleasant reading at our meetings. The members call themselves together once in a while for a quiet prayer-meeting.

We have taken this preamble:

"We wish to be manly in our character; we aim to be truthful, hopeful and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, and never to fear to show our colors."

We take for our mottoes:

"Look up and not down:—
Look forward and not back:—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a hand."

and pledge ourselves to make this a useful and successful club.

The object of the club shall be:

First, to help others;
Second, to improve ourselves;
Third, to help each other, and
Fourth, to raise money for benevolent purposes;

and we take for our pass-word, "In His Name."

JOHN UNKLES, *Sec'y.*

It takes but a moment to fill the hand with money, to fill the mouth with bread. But to re-create the soul, to build up

again the ruined temple, is a work demanding divine patience, wisdom, courage, love.

Intelligence.

NORTH BENNET STREET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

OF BOSTON, MASS.

NOTE.—While the following report was in the hands of the printer, the No. Bennet Street Industrial School building was visited by a disastrous fire and is seriously injured. The work is interrupted, but the damage will be repaired as soon as possible. Meanwhile arrangements are pending by which the work of most of the Departments can go on in unoccupied school rooms in the neighborhood, loaned by the city for that purpose. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the needs of the Institution are greater than ever.

THE frequent inquiries concerning this Institution, suggest to the Managers, that some account of its aims and the results thus far accomplished will be interesting to the public, especially as within the last two years the work done here, has assumed larger proportions and undergone radical changes, which are indicated by the change of name, from that of the North Bennet St. Industrial Home, by which it was formerly known, to its present title, North Bennet St. Industrial School, under which name it was incorporated in 1885. The Managers would be much pleased should those who read this report, be led to come to see the work. They invite not only coöperation, but criticism and suggestion.

One of the first lessons learned here, as elsewhere, has been that the inability to do anything well is the cause of most of the poverty and much of the crime in the world; hence, to give industrial training, with all its invigorating and educating influences, to those who are both willing and young enough to learn, has become the first, but not the only aim of the work. The providing of means for safe and healthful social enjoyment, so necessary for the young, is still one of its important

features. Employment is also given, in the cleaning of the large building, to a corps of about twenty women, for whom it would be very difficult to find regular work at a distance from their homes. It is also intended that the Superintendent shall stand, as heretofore, in the relation of a friend, not only to the pupils, but to all who may apply to her.

To give that help to the community which shall act as a preventative of some of its worst evils,—in other words, to teach a generation how best to carry its own burdens, by the natural and intelligent development of its own God-given powers, is, as has been said, the first object of this work, and to some account of that, this report will be chiefly devoted.

There are at this time, 40 classes of girls and boys between the ages of 9 and 16 years, who are sent from the public schools to this building, for instruction in Carpentry, Printing, Shoemaking, Clay Modelling and Cooking. Each class comes for two hours a week, during school hours and under school discipline. The hours are from 10 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 4 P. M.

In addition to this, are volunteer classes in some of these departments on certain afternoons of the week from 4 to 6 o'clock. The whole number of pupils found in these different departments during each week is about 600. Some of these pupils are from the School for the Deaf. They highly prize this opportunity and to them the training is of especial value.

On Saturday, both morning and afternoon, there are classes of girls in Sewing

and Dressmaking—58 now in attendance. On five evenings of the week, classes of young women, 47 in all, who are otherwise occupied during the day, are taught to cut dresses and other garments by chart measurements. These pay a small sum for their lessons, and there is a constant demand for places in these classes. This department is in the hands of a very efficient teacher and the results are practical and satisfactory.

The Carpenter's Shop has been refitted with separate work-benches for 12 boys, provided with good tools, and a teacher has been secured who has had valuable training for his work in the Institute of Technology. The work of this department is now established for the first time on a scientific basis, it is thorough and progressive, beginning with the first principles of construction, taught with the least possible waste of material, and going on by regular steps, to lathe work and wood carving. Here are 10 classes of boys weekly, and one class of girls.

The Printing Office is under the care of the teacher who has held the position for three years. This is one of the most popular departments, and both boys and girls have found remunerative employment as a direct result of the teaching received here. The execution of order work in great variety, is possible, without detriment to the instruction, and aids materially in making this department partially self-supporting. Here are 13 classes a week.

The Shoe shop is also in the hands of the same thorough workman who has hitherto proved himself so good a friend to a large number of the North End boys, and who works with the same devotion to the cause which he has shown for three years. Large orders for this department are desired, as the course of instruction involves the use of much expensive material, which can be utilized to fill orders for good work, at moderate prices, Assistants being employed to prevent neglect of the educational side of the work. There are 13 classes a week in this department.

The Cooking School has been organized, this year, on a wholly new basis. It has been fitted up in such a manner that each pupil has a separate gas stove and cupboard for utensils, similar to those now in use in the Tennyson St.-School house. Each pupil is responsible for her own utensils, and works out her own receipts, which include among other things the making of nourishing soups, well-flavored stews, and good bread,—learning in short, by actual practice, how to prepare any material she may have, to the best advantage. Lessons in general housework, in judicious marketing and in the simple chemistry of cooking are given. The nutritive value of different articles of food is to be illustrated by means of graphic charts and a small museum of specimens, prepared under the direction of Mrs. Richards of the Institute of Technology. There are in this department, 9 classes weekly, of 15 pupils each, from the Public Schools, and it is hoped soon to add a class of women.

The Clay Modelling department is the latest addition to the work. It is in the hands of a most enthusiastic and efficient teacher, whose work has only to be seen to show how great is its educational value in developing the powers of mind, hand and eye. Very little observation of this work shows the wisdom of those French watchmakers at Besançon, who require their apprentices to model in clay the various parts of a watch, before they attempt the delicate work so easily ruined by clumsy fingers. The advantage and the possibility of early training in accuracy of observation and manual skill, are perhaps more easily seen in this, than in any other department. Here are 87 pupils weekly, many of them deaf.

During four evenings of the week the Amusement Room is open, where boys from the neighborhood enjoy themselves in playing games, under judicious supervision, which is often a volunteer service. Contributions of good games are much needed.

The Library of between eleven and twelve hundred volumes is especially prized by the boys and girls of the neighborhood, who are allowed to take out books at an earlier age than at the public libraries. The Reading Room is open, and is used every afternoon and evening except Saturday and Sunday. The average daily attendance for the last six months has been 84. More good books, especially those with illustrations, are much needed, and young people could hardly find a better disposition for books which they may have outgrown, than that offered by this library.

Two evening classes in Drawing, for the older boys and girls, have just been formed on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock.

The Laundry is temporarily closed, but it will soon be opened for both women and girls.

A Mother's class of women, who shall be instructed in mending their own garments, or those given for that purpose, is soon to be formed. The garments given will afterward be sold to the women, at a small cost. Contributions of half-worn clothing for this object are desired.

It should be remembered that this work, with modifications, goes on during the long summer vacation of the public schools when the need of it is, perhaps, most urgent.

This is but a sketch of what is already done, in this Institution. In its future expansion it is intended that due place shall be given, from time to time, to Temperance and Emergency Lectures, to instruction in Hygiene and other useful subjects which, although they have been taught here at various times, have never been established as a part of the regular work of the year.

The School includes a Day Nursery and Kindergarten. The Nursery prepares children for the Kindergarten by its simple work and play, and by careful attention to habits of order and cleanliness.

In the Kindergarten industrial training begins. Through frequent exercises in building, designing with tablets and sticks, drawing, clay modelling, sewing, weaving, paper cutting, etc., the eye and the hand are trained, and habits of accuracy and industry are formed.

The whole number of women, boys and girls who now come under the influence of this work, weekly, is about 900.

The building, 39 North Bennet Street, is admirably adapted to the work, both from its ample size and location. It is in a crowded part of the city, conveniently near to several public schools, from which the classes can be sent to its different departments; it is easily reached by street cars of the East Boston and Chelsea Ferry line, which make it accessible to both pupils and visitors from all parts of the city. It has been bought and well equipped by a few friends of industrial education, who have placed the work on a sure foundation, and made it possible for it to go on. The owners of the building are Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Mrs. A. Hemenway, Mrs. J. H. Wolcott, Miss Ida Mason, Miss Anne Wigglesworth, Miss Ellen Mason, Mrs. David Kimball, Robert Treat Paine, Esq., Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. A. Wheelwright, Mrs. G. S. Curtis.

Prof. Woodward, of the St. Louis Manual Training School, says:—"I do not recommend manual training because it is cheap, nor because it will result in the immediate saving of money. In the long run it will save much money, but its establishment and maintenance are expensive." He also adds:—"Without going into the perplexing questions of labor and capital I feel sure that the only way to prevent such conflicts in the future, is to properly train the children of the present generation. The men who make up mobs are deficient in either mental or manual training. They never had a chance to get both, side by side, in a public or private school."

It is hoped that the day is not far distant when the public schools of Boston will assume such parts of this work as may be deemed feasible and of universal use. Meanwhile the North Bennet Street Industrial School is rendering an important pioneer service in showing the possibility and the value of early manual training, on a somewhat larger scale than has yet been attempted for pupils of the age of those now attending these classes.

The Managers are satisfied that not only has some good manual training been given, but that important steps have been taken during the last year toward implanting a healthful pride in skillful work, as well as a respect for honest labor, which is its natural outcome, and a lesson much needed by all our young people.

We have the authority of Supt. Seaver for saying that "manual training is essential to the right and full development of the human mind, and therefore no less beneficial to those who are not going to become artisans than to those who are."

In conclusion, the Managers would

make an appeal to the public in behalf of the work thus begun. It has some devoted and steadfast benefactors, but however great the interest of individuals, no such institution can be carried on without a more general sympathy. It is therefore hoped that in proportion as the North Bennet Street Industrial School becomes known, it will be found worthy of encouragement and support, and will win the good-will of those who are interested in like objects.

Managers.—Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Miss L. B. Pingree, Mrs. Francis S. Fiske, Sec'y, F. W. Chandler, Esq., Miss Lucia M. Peabody, Miss Ellen Mason, G. R. Shaw, Esq., Tucker Daland, Treas.

Advisory Board.—G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., Edwin P. Seaver, Esq., Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Miss Amy M. Homans, Miss Lucretia Crocker, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Charles C. Perkins, Esq., Miss Emily P. Rudd, late Principal of the Bloomingdale School, Chelsea, has recently been made Superintendent of the whole work.

PROFIT-SHARING.

THE *Age of Steel* gives us some additional and interesting items on the subject of profit-sharing.

The sharing of the profits makes the interest of employer and employé one. There is a moral organism by which all the wits and skill of the various individuals are combined in one endeavor. The dividend is an incentive to extra labor, and that labor ceases to be a grinding labor and tends to educate the man and develop his powers.

The average workman does not appear to realize that the more skilled and efficient he becomes, the higher will be his wages in just competition. What he does see, is, the better the work, the better the price and the larger the dividend. There are always, however, those who rest upon the

labor of others and in the profit-sharing expect their part. This can only be guarded against by constant watchfulness and care. "True success in profit-sharing," says the writer, "depends on a definite understanding, insistence that the bonus must be earned and not expected as a present, and patience in working and waiting for results."

In one form or another a system of profit-sharing has been adopted recently by Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., Minneapolis; the Century Co., New York; N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Co., St. Louis; E. P. Allis & Co., Milwaukee; Bucyrus Foundry and Manufacturing Co., Bucyrus, O.; Asa Cushman & Co., Auburn, Me.; Cotterill, Fenner & Co., Dayton, O.; Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping

Machine Co.; and the Staats Zeitung Co. of New York City.

Two interesting letters from Milwaukee and Omaha give some details of adoption, and are here copied.

MILWAUKEE, April 21, 1886.

To our Employés:—Beginning with January 1st, this year, we propose to divide the profits made in our business upon the following basis:

After allowing 7 per cent interest on actual capital invested, the remainder will be divided equally upon the total amount of wages paid and capital employed.

Our pay rolls for the year will amount to \$125,000, which would receive about one-quarter of the net profits. Each employé will get his proportion according to the amount of wages paid him for the year.

This will apply to employés who have served this company six months or over within the year, and who have not been discharged for good cause.

To make the proposition binding, we will draw up a legal contract to that effect, and deliver same into the hands of a representative of our employés, whom they may see fit to elect.

Yours truly,

HOFFMAN & BILLINGS MFG. Co.,
(Limited.)

OMAHA, NEB., April 16, 1886.

Beginning with May 6, 1886, we propose to divide the profits made in our business upon the following basis:

After allowing 10 per cent interest on actual capital invested, the remainder will be divided equally upon the total amount of wages paid and capital employed.

Each employé who has been in our employ one-half of the year or more, and who has not been discharged for good cause or quit our service of his own accord, will get his proportion according to the amount of wages paid him during the year.

We reserve the sole and whole control and management of our business, and the right to discharge any man at any time that does not give us satisfaction.

In cases where we are required to deduct from bills to our customers on account of faulty work or carelessness of the workmen, the cost of the labor will be deducted from the weekly pay-roll of the persons performing the work.

WELSHANS & MCEWAN.

These latter gentlemen believe that their plan meets with the warmest approval of both employés and customers. On the success of these pioneers depends the adoption of profit-sharing all over the country.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Miss Octavia Hill, whose title to speak on behalf of the working classes is before that of any other woman in England, contributes some valuable suggestions to the press, apropos of the relief funds now, we are glad to say, fairly established up and down the country. "If a fund is to be formed, may I suggest," she says, "three purposes to which it might be exclusively devoted, which would in some degree mitigate its evil effects.

"First, that a large portion of the money

should be devoted to small weekly allowances for chronic cases of the old or the incurable. It is very hard for a working man or woman to save enough for old age; incurable disease cuts short the working powers of many a man; often a small allowance will keep a little home together which should not be broken up. The Lower Hamlets Pension Society in their own district, or the Charity Organization Society in any part of London, would gladly administer such a fund, review the

cases each three months, and send the money by volunteers who would form a link between rich and poor.

"Second, let the unemployed be carefully divided into two classes, deliberately and by those who have some knowledge of the trade to which they belong. Let those whose work is really suspended by a quite temporary cause be relieved, if possible, with some labor test, and on the distinct condition that they find and join some club, or show providence in some form.

"Third, let those who by depression or change of trade have no near prospect of

work be helped only in some radical and thorough manner, such as emigration, migration, apprenticeship of sons, employment of daughters, assistance to start in some other branch of work. A good quiet talk with a man will often show what he himself feels will permanently set him in an independent course. And the finest of our English workmen need not be ashamed to come forward and talk over with those to whom sudden misfortune has not come how he can be thus helped to start afresh, though he does and should depise intermittent and non-effective doles."

THE O. Judd Co. have just published a book by Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, entitled "Through the Yellowstone Park on Horseback," price \$1.50, giving an account of a month's trip on horseback made by himself, wife and daughter last summer with a party of guides, teamsters, etc., from Bozeman, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, through Montana to the Yellowstone Park and back through Idaho and the Madison Basin, camping all the way.

The book gives a graphic description, not only of the wonders of the Yellowstone Park, but also of the cattle ranches and cowboys that were encountered, as well as of various hunting episodes.

It also gives a full account of the method of reaching the Park, the cost of the trip, the time it required, the necessary outfit for ladies as well as gentlemen, and for the tourist as well as the sportsman, the habits of the game that the latter may expect to find, with suggestions as to the proper method of hunting them, etc. The chapter on rifles and ammunition is especially well written and will be appreciated by riflemen, with whom the author is a recognized authority.

The book is written in an admirable style. No one who thinks of visiting the Yellowstone should fail to read it, and even those who do not, will find it most interesting.

It will undoubtedly lead many to visit this wonderful region who never otherwise would have done so, as the author shows that the trip is much more easy and less expensive than is generally supposed.

It is handsomely illustrated and is well bound.

WE have an interesting account of the Easter celebration at the Old Ladies' Home in Roxbury, Mass. We cannot print it at length, but it gives so pleasant an expression of the good cheer in a home where the heart helps the hand that we should be sorry not to copy a few words from it.—"The household is up with the robins, who sing their carols around, and the old ladies appear at the breakfast table in best 'bib and tucker.' Just as the morning exercises are concluded and the Easter eggs distributed, the city missionary and party arrived and met with a hearty welcome from the family gathered in the parlors. Quavering voices, supported by the full tones of cheery friends, joined heartily in 'Praising God from whom all blessings flow;' then followed a short Easter service. Easter cards and hymns were distributed, and then good-byes were said with the hearty response, 'God bless you in your good works and labor of love to-day.'"